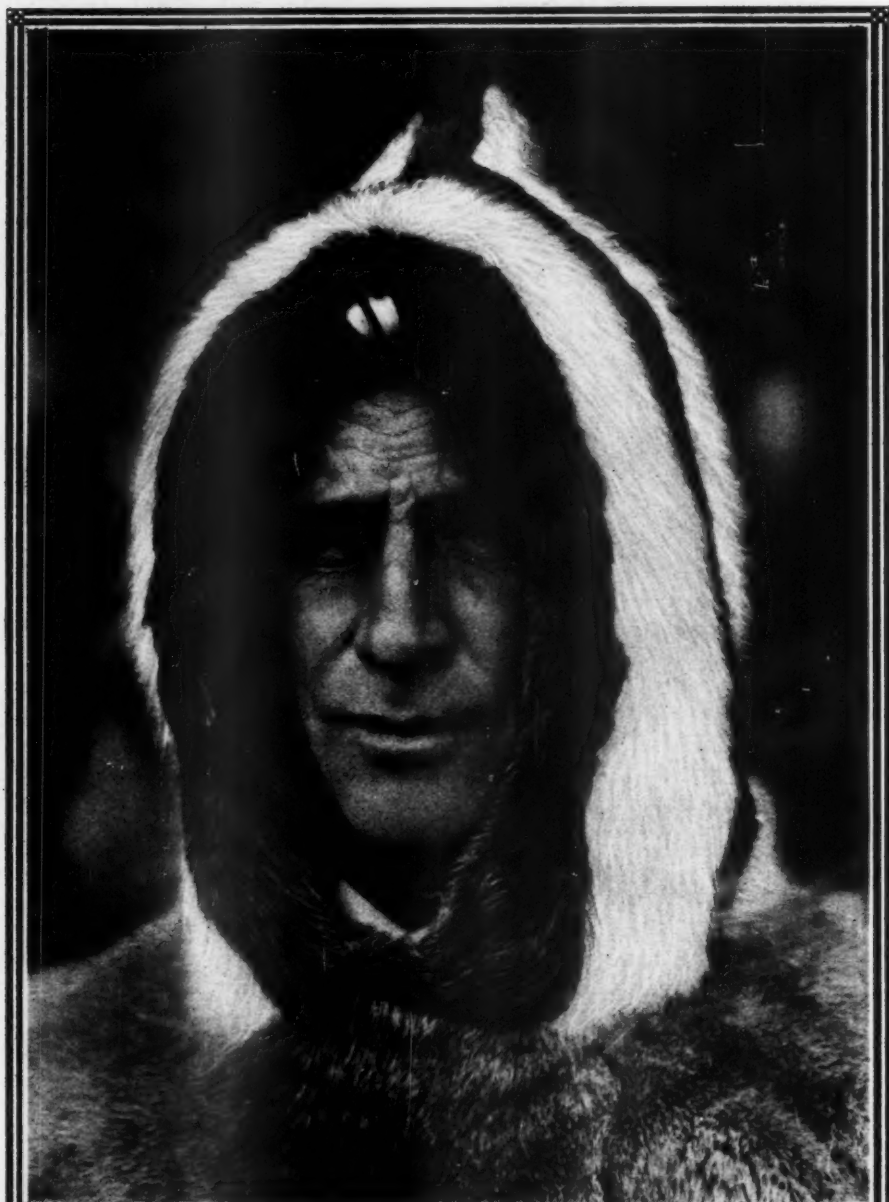


CURRENT OPINION



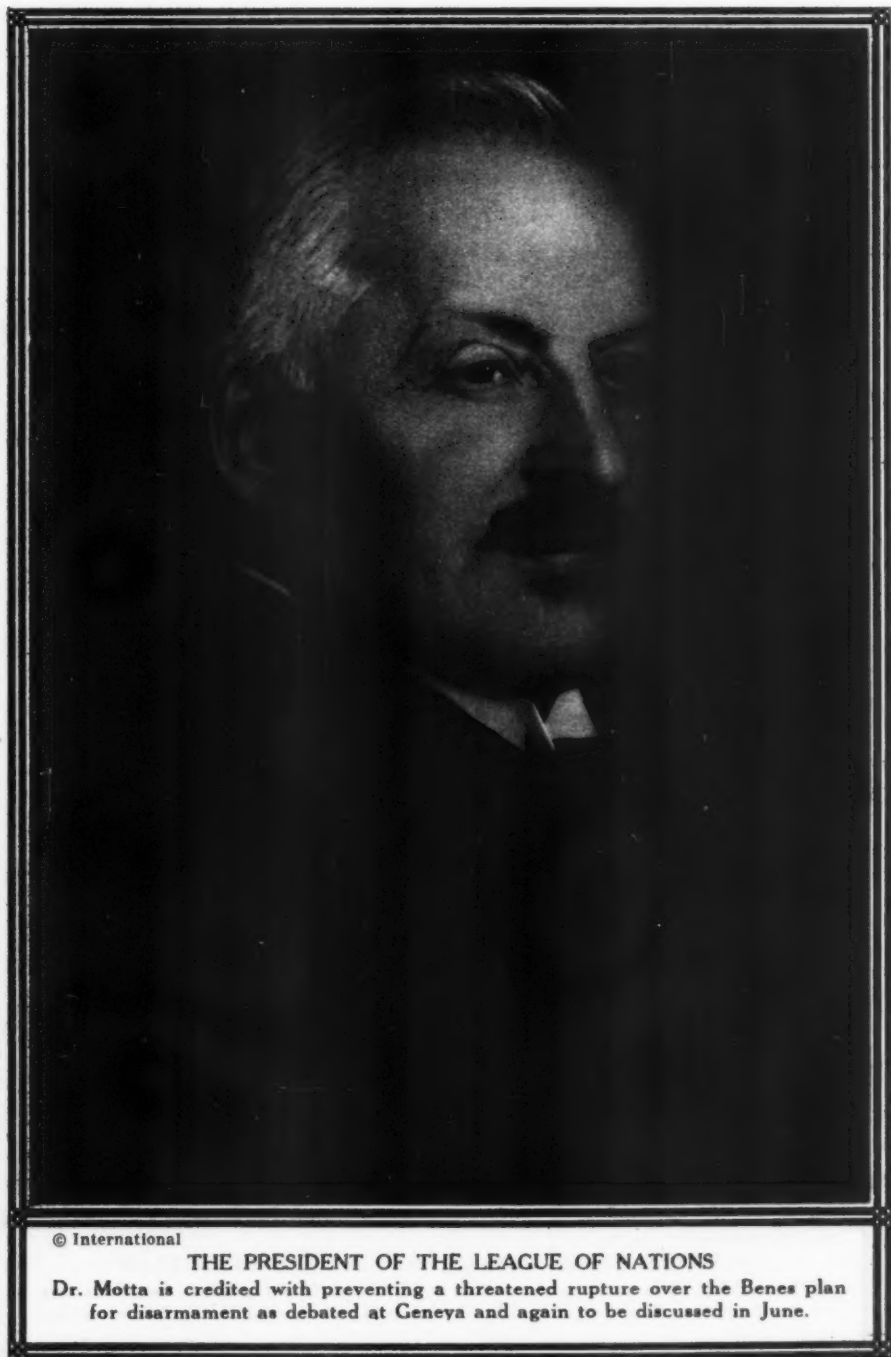
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HIS PLAN TO OUTLAW WAR HAS STIRRED THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
Dr. Eduard Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, drafted the famous protocol at which Japan balked, but which promises to insure peace on earth.



© International

THIS EXPLORER REPORTS COAL FIELDS NEAR THE NORTH POLE
Donald B. MacMillan, back with the schooner Bowdoin after 14 months in the polar regions, also found ice-caps and glaciers increasing in size.





© Paul Thompson

HE WOULD "FREE KANSAS FROM THE KU KLUX KLAN"

William Allen White, Emporia editor and independent candidate for Governor of the Sunflower State, sees the Klan badge on Democrats and Republicans alike.



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CHINA'S NEW PREMIER IS A LL.D. AND A LITT. D.

Dr. Yen, succeeding Sun Pao-Chi in the Premiership, has the support of Gen. Wu Pei-Fu; and together they would control the Pekin Government.



Courtesy Pictorial Review

SHE IS HAILED AS A "FEMALE MOSES"

Mrs. John Dickinson Sherman, of Estes Park, Colo., new President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, drafts a decalogue instead of a platform.



© Harris & Ewing

THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

Succeeding John R. Quinn, Commander Drain is on military record as a Captain in the Spanish-American War and an Ordnance Officer in the World War.



© Underwood

THE G. O. P. SHARES HIS GUBERNATORIAL AMBITIONS IN NEW YORK
Col. Theodore Roosevelt is conducting a strenuous campaign against Governor
Al. Smith for the office once held by his even more strenuous sire.

The Current of Opinion

Campaign Party Cries and Alarums

IN its closing weeks the national political campaign has resolved itself into a tense struggle between Republicans and Progressives. The Republicans are grimly and doggedly trying to hold their trenches intact until election-day under the increasingly savage raids of the Progressive irregulars.

If the newspapers on the morning of November 5 proclaim a smashing victory for Calvin Coolidge, no one will be amazed. If they report a drawn election throwing the choice of the President into the House of Representatives, there will be some surprise. But if they announce either John W. Davis or Robert M. La Follette elected, the news will be received with well-nigh universal astonishment.

Democratic hopes, already tenuous last month, have shrunk in despite of vigorous public denials. Apparently improved prospects in New York State have not made up for the collapse of the party in the West. In the great block of States commonly thought of as Western, Nebraska alone holds out substantial prospects of casting its eight electoral votes for Mr. Davis, and they may evaporate if Senator Norris openly espouse the La Follette cause. In Colorado the Democratic nominee is said to have an off-chance of winning. Viewed nationally, Mr. Davis presents the tragic figure of an able and gallant fighter crushed inexorably between the upper and nether millstones of rock-ribbed conservatism and disgruntled radicalism. In a more rational world, he might have gathered the nation behind him as the apostle in practical politics of the sane and happy mean.

As it is, the voters are being hurled by centrifugal force into the camps of the two extremist parties. In the West and the North, Democratic defections to La Follette have furnished Republican publicists with an effective rallying appeal for all enemies of radicalism, regardless of party, on the ground that a Coolidge victory can alone avert the perilous uncertainties, confusion and political chicanery of a disputed Congressional election. Only the solid South remains secure for Davis.

When the campaign opened, the Democrats alone presented an outwardly united front to the nation; but this unity which was to have been their source of strength, has been their undoing. McAdoo and Smith, Reed and Davis, Bryan and Brennan may pretend to "snuggle up" all they like; they are too odd an assortment to present a convincing front to the electorate. The Republican party may be split wide open by the Progressive secession, but each wing is stronger for the riddance of the other.

To sit tight and look pretty has been the key-note of Republican strategy. The President is ignoring his Democratic opponent and meeting with stony silence every attack of the Progressives. He volunteers statements on Washington's baseball team and on the problems of automobile parking, but he is ostensibly oblivious to the fact that his occupancy of the White House is being attacked. Outwardly, at least, he is serene and confident, far above the *mêlée* where lances are flying.

These lances may have missed the President, but some of them have struck close. On the Pacific coast Secretary Wilbur of the Navy outraged Japanese feelings by an indiscreet, bellicose address; and he was

recalled to Washington "for conference" just in time to forestall another speech in which it is purported that he was going to endorse the League of Nations!

Secretary Mellon allowed himself to be drawn into a dispute with Davis when the latter criticized his connection with the aluminum industry; and to the embarrassment of the Secretary and his party, at the crucial moment the Federal Trade Commission made public the findings of its inquiry into that very industry. The report charged the aluminum industry with being a monopoly, with practicing unfair methods of competition, and with enjoying excessive tariff protection. Moreover, the Commission adduced evidence to show that the industry

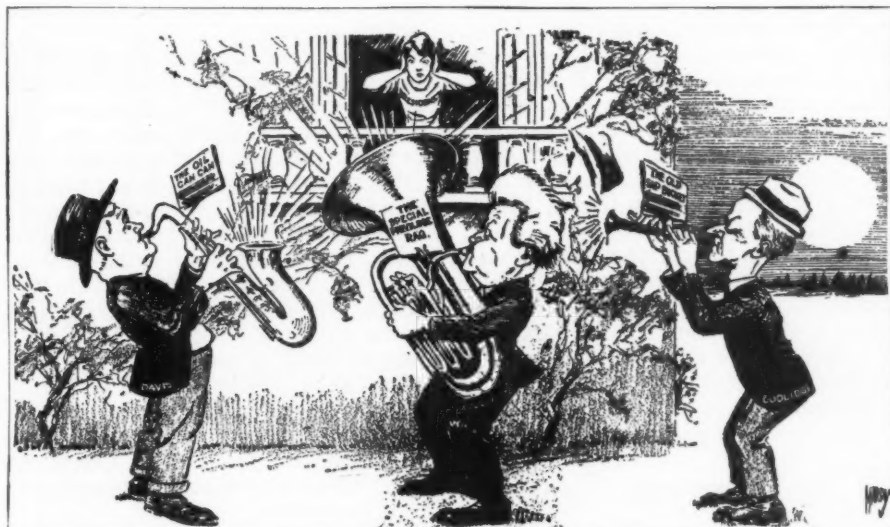
was controlled largely by the Mellon family.

Republican complacency has also been sorely tried by local developments. West of the Mississippi, the party of the President seems not to have a single outstanding champion. In California a four-to-three court decision has obliged La Follette to run on the Socialistic ticket, and this decision has redounded to his benefit, causing Hiram Johnson to emerge from his long silence with a statement denouncing this obstacle thrown in the way of Progressivism in his State. California, Oregon and Washington are all bitterly contested between La Follette and Coolidge. In Idaho, Senator Borah, while remaining in his party, has said kind things about the Wisconsin radical. In Iowa, Senator Brookhart, undeniably popular, has virtually espoused the radical cause. Running on the Republican ticket, he has cavalierly demanded that General Dawes, that "peewit plutogog," be removed from the party slate, and this action has virtually thrown him into outer darkness with the radical heretics. Whispers are rife that Judge Kenyon of the same State and Senator Norris of Nebraska may follow in his track. An ugly rumor has gained headway that throughout the West the head of the Democratic ticket is being widely sacrificed in favor of La Follette in exchange for support for the tail of the ticket. Even



"B-BUT HOW DEAD ARE THEY?"

—Sykes in *Life*.



THREE RIVAL SERENADERS—EACH WITH A TUNE OF HIS OWN COMPOSITION
—Marcus in New York Times.

Charles W. Bryan, chosen by Davis to be his running-mate, has been accused of lukewarm interest in the Democratic cause.

In New York a fierce battle is on between Governor Smith, the popular idol, and young Theodore Roosevelt for the control of the State. The Governor, reversing his initial decision, has accepted renomination to show the country that "you cannot successfully nominate a myth for Washington and a name in New York." Young Roosevelt, full of buoyancy, is stumping the Empire State with 185 speeches scheduled for 18 days. He is being assailed as a faint echo of his father, as well as for his record in connection with the oil leases, and the betting odds are against his success. The great question is whether Governor Smith can perform the herculean task of swinging the State for Davis. Seldom is a Governor called upon to carry the national ticket of his party to success.

Aside from the Smith candidacy, Democrats have received encourage-

ment by the public endorsement of their nominee by John Greer Hibben, President of Princeton University, Ida M. Tarbell, the publicist, Everett Colby and Theodore Marburg, all Republicans by tradition.

Senator La Follette has recently charged the Republicans dramatically with raising a "slush fund" of millions to put over their nominee in doubtful States, and the Borah investigating committee has assembled to examine the facts. But in the same speech in which the Wisconsin war-horse made his accusation, he exposed his own defenses, and his enemies were quick to seize the advantage. If elected, he promised the World War veterans to pass a new bonus bill giving them cash compensation; he promised to raise the pensions of Civil War and Spanish War veterans; he promised postal employees an increase in salary; he promised farmers "emergency legislation" that would probably entail public expenditures; he promised to have the Government embark upon the electric power busi-

ness. All these enterprises would entail, as the *New York Times* (Ind. Dem.) remarks, "staggering costs and redoubled taxation." With what grace, say La Follette's enemies, does he attack their methods of campaign financing, when he is trying to corral votes by converting the public treasury into a Third Party campaign fund?

In the meantime, the farmers of the West are realizing on their billion dollar wheat crop at a dollar and a half a bushel. To this extent, at least, the Almighty has shown himself this year to be a good Republican.

□ □

The Supreme Court Under Fire

ARE the American people living in thrall to a usurping despot? So assert Senator La Follette and his supporters, and their attack upon the Supreme Court's authority to invalidate Congressional laws has drawn more fire from his opponents

than any other issue in the Presidential campaign.

Vials of hysterical wrath have been poured upon the Wisconsin radical by the defenders of conservatism. He is assailing, they say, the very bulwarks of our national life, and the adoption of his proposal would place our lives and property at the mercy of rapacious, unprincipled, wrangling politicians in Congress. Under the fury of this onslaught, the Senator himself has shown signs of hedging. His party does not ask, he explains, for the downright abolition of the Supreme Court's prerogative; it merely recommends that the proposal be submitted in the form of a Constitutional amendment to the people for them to decide.

Senator La Follette has been called a minion of Bolshevism, but far older than Bolshevism is the debate over the Supreme Court. It began on the floor of the Convention that drafted the Constitution in 1787, and it has never ceased. On the one hand have been those who saw in the Court's supreme authority over all legislation a necessary corollary to our system of government. What is the use of a written Constitution, they inquire, if Congressmen can override it by mere legislative enactment? We must have some umpire to decide when Congress breaks the rules laid down for the Government, and the only umpire in sight is the Supreme Court.

On the other hand spokesmen for the populace ever since the days of Thomas Jefferson have expressed indignation that any body of men, remote from the people's control, should be able to scrap a law enacted by the representatives of the sovereign voters. La Follette has never denounced the Supreme Court in terms more bitter than Jefferson himself. If the former be stamped as a Bolshevik on this account, Jefferson



READING BETWEEN THE LINES
—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*.



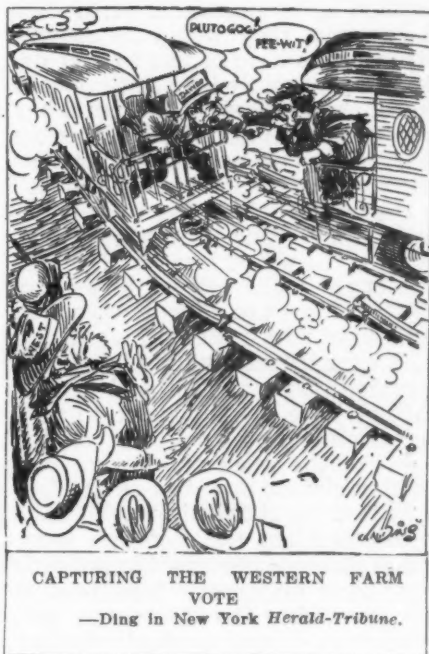
also was a Bolshevik; and so indeed was the late Justice Harlan, himself a member of the Supreme Court Bench.

Had the defenders of the Supreme Court indulged in less hysteria and relied more upon a simple statement of the Court's record, they would have served their cause better. As a tyrant, the Court cuts a pretty feeble figure. In its entire history it has declared unconstitutional only thirty-three Congressional laws, and in the last thirty-six years only thirteen. Its enemies always take special umbrage over decisions in which the nine Justices split five to four in condemning a law. But since the first Presidential Administration, that of George Washington, there have been only nine of these decisions. Of the nine, three apparently aroused no popular antipathy; three others (dealing with the income tax, child labor, and employment conditions) have either been remedied or are on the road to remedy. This leaves only three, involving taxation of stock dividends, a minimum wage, and corrupt prac-

tices in politics, which are still open sores; and three grievances are not very many on which to base an appeal for a fundamental change in our institutions.

The assailants of the Supreme Court have called Lincoln to witness for them, but hardly with justice. Lincoln delivered a slashing attack on the Supreme Court for its decision in the Dred Scot case, but he did not ask that it be shorn of its power. He said that the decision was erroneous and asked for a reversal. But he made it abundantly clear that only one way existed to correct an unjust decision when the Court refused to reconsider, and that was through an amendment to the Constitution.

Senator La Follette's stand on the Supreme Court should be carefully distinguished from that of men like Senator Borah, Senator Fess and ex-Senator Beveridge. These men also would curb the Court; but whereas the Wisconsin Senator would give





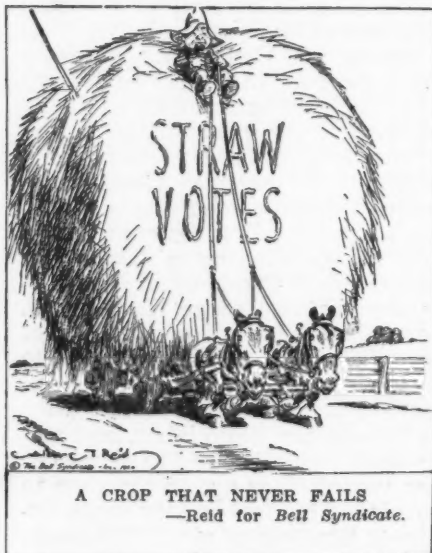
BLOCKING THE WAY
—Williams in New York American.

Congress the right to nullify a Court decision by re-enactment of the law in question, they would be content with the abolition of five to four decisions, preferably by a self-imposed rule of the Justices themselves. They base their stand on the legal axiom that no law is unconstitutional so long as there is any "rational doubt" in the matter. In a five to four decision, they argue, either the minority is made up of irrational beings who ought to be retired to private life, or they are able men whose doubts are very rational indeed.

Its enemies habitually picture the Supreme Court as a citadel of special privilege, unresponsive to popular feeling and neglectful of the rights of the weak and lowly. Yet popular clamor swept it off its feet in 1798 when it failed to nullify the notorious Alien and Sedition laws, and even more recently the nation's war fervor apparently influenced it into approving the Espionage law, which many legal students declare

to have been patently unconstitutional. As for the rights of the weak and lowly, only a few months ago a Federal Court scrapped an Ohio law banning instruction in foreign languages in the grade schools, a Kansas law outlawing labor strikes, and the Klan law of Oregon abolishing parochial schools. In each instance the Federal court was protecting the rights of a helpless minority against the tyranny of oppressive State Legislatures.

It is noteworthy that Senator La Follette would still leave State legislation to the mercies of the Supreme Court. His proposal limits itself to Congressional laws. In effect, he is asking for the transfer of authority from a body which he does not control to one in which he wields great influence. The issue resolves itself into the question whether the American people prefer to entrust the ultimate protection of their liberty and property to a body of somewhat inaccessible Jurists of high standing but always fallible judgment, or place themselves in the hands of the five hundred and thirty-one elected politicians who make up Congress.



A CROP THAT NEVER FAILS
—Reid for Bell Syndicate.

Counting and Discounting the Straw Vote

UNPRECEDENTED importance has been assumed in the present Presidential campaign by the straw vote. The *Literary Digest* has sent out 15,000,000 postcard ballots, and the returns, as they are coming in, have struck the Democratic camp with dismay. They indicate, at this writing, that President Coolidge is favored by more voters than the Democratic and Progressive nominees combined, and that La Follette is ahead of Davis.

Democratic spokesmen have attacked the *Digest* poll bitterly. Some have charged it with being "framed." Others, more careful, have asked whether any poll made up from names found in telephone books would not reflect unduly in the North and West the settled, money classes which would naturally lean toward Republicanism. Elaborate studies have been printed to support this contention. An effort has been made to explain away the La Follette showing by saying that Third Party adherents are enthusiasts who would respond to the poll more universally than old-line regulars.

The striking fact is that for the first time in history a straw vote has been held of such proportions as actually to influence a campaign. Democratic morale has been injured, and the opinion is widely expressed that Coolidge will gain followers on Election Day among Democratic conservatives who, as a result of the *Digest* poll, have given up all hope of electing their nominee.

If the results of the election confirm closely the straw vote findings, it will mean that doubt and suspense in Presidential campaigns will be things of the past. Gigantic straw ballots similar to this year's will become an institution, and the nation will know approximately, if not precisely, how sentiment is running at every moment in national campaigns. Winning nominees will be helped, as many wabbling voters will hop aboard the bandwagon that seems headed for victory. Whether this influence would be fair and wholesome, is a moot question. Certainly losing parties will not regard it with favor.

If, on the other hand, Election Day results do not follow the trend indicated by the straw vote figures of 1924, the public will have well-nigh irrefutable evidence of the utter futility of all straw ballots, no matter how elaborately and extensively carried out.

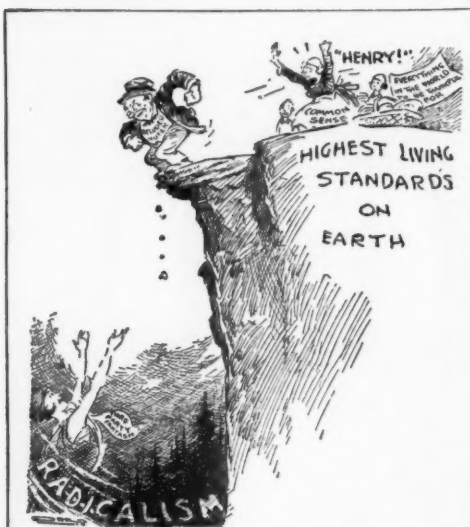


THE MAGNET—FROM WHICH SIDE WILL HE ATTRACT THE MOST?

—Young in Life.

The British Crisis

AFTER eight months of office, the British Labor Government has been decisively beaten in the House of Commons. It would have been possible for King George, under the Constitution, to "send for" some other leader of a party, say Baldwin or Asquith, and ask him to form a government. Labor would then have complained, however, of discrimination on the part of the Crown which, under similar though not entirely parallel circumstances, conceded a dissolution last year to Stanley Baldwin. As Baldwin believed that he could carry the country for Protection, so does MacDonald profess to believe that he can carry the country for Socialism. He demands, as Baldwin demanded, an absolute majority in the House of Commons over the other parties. And for the third time in three years, therefore, the nation faces the expense and trouble of an election.



THAT INEXPLICABLE SUICIDAL IMPULSE
THAT OVERTAKES ONE IN HIGH PLACES
—Orr in Chicago Tribune.

The incident that upset MacDonald was simple. Some soldiers, who fought in the war, turned Communist. Among them was a wounded and crippled "veteran" called James Ross Campbell, who edits a journal called the *Workers' Weekly*. In his newspaper, he appealed to men in the Army, the Navy and the Airforce to refuse to fight against their comrades, whether in war or during strikes at home, and he further urged these enlisted men to turn their weapons against their "capitalist oppressors." He was arrested and prosecuted for seducing His Majesty's forces, and it is commonly agreed that, in law, he is guilty.

When, however, the case came up for hearing, the Crown produced no evidence and Campbell was acquitted. What happened was that the more extreme Labor members threatened the Cabinet and that, as Prime Minister, MacDonald interviewed the Attorney-General, Sir Patrick Hastings, which interview stayed the proceedings. Campbell adds the interesting news that his defence would have included subpoenas for MacDonald, with his colleagues in the Cabinet, Clynes and Henderson, who at the Second International, so it is alleged, accepted resolutions implying approval of the manifesto in the *Workers' Weekly*. Campbell offered no apology to the court and, so far from pledging himself not to repeat the offense, triumphantly declared that he would go on writing in the same strain.

The Conservatives therefore moved a direct vote of censure on the Government. The Liberals, however, suggested the alternative of an inquiry by a select committee, which is the recognized method at Westminster whereby a Government may be extricated from an embarrassment without suffering defeat. For a time, it looked as if

MacDonald might accept the reprieve, but other counsels prevailed in his divided camp. Defiantly, he compared the Select Committee with the Spanish Inquisition and declined to submit to "torture." He thus drove Liberals and Conservatives into the same lobby and his fate was then decided.

He was, of course, in great difficulties. In a moment of political insanity, he had, at once, accepted a Daimler automobile and the dividends on £30,000 invested in the biscuit firm of Messrs. McViltie and Price. His patron was an old friend, Alexander Grant, for whom a little later he secured a baronetcy. It is true that Disraeli, when in debt, acted in much the same way, when a friend financed him, but that was half a century ago, and Disraeli was not a Labor Prime Minister. Bitter jests are thus bandied around, how MacDonald took the biscuit, and also the tin with the biscuit, and how every McDaimler has his Price. Here was the statesman who was to destroy capitalism, becoming a proprietor—at any rate for the time being—in one of the most successful capitalist enterprises in the country. If MacDonald was spared a charge of corruption, it was only because of the crudity of his blunder. Sir Alexander Grant has given large sums to public objects other than MacDonald's Daimler. And while he acted in innocence, the fact remains, that, as a Tory, he has furnished a case of Conservative gold financing Labor in a policy of dishonouring Liberalism.

This situation was further aggravated by the anger among workers aroused by the ostentatious display of gold lace and other finery on the part of Labor Ministers and their wives. Resolutions on the subject were passed at Labor Conferences and the net result of this criticism was to force MacDonald towards the Left Wing. He was told in effect, that he must fight or quit.



Hence, the curious duality that is to be seen in the British Labor policy. On the one hand, there is moderation. The Party has excluded Communists, whether as candidates for Parliament or as individual members. And the Budget is no more than a Liberal Budget while the nationalization of mines and railways, like the levy on capital, is in cold storage. Yet on the other hand, there is not only a recognition of Russia as a Soviet Republic, but a proposal by treaties to lend to Russia immense sums of money, of which loans the first would be \$150,000,000. Russia has no security to offer that will satisfy any banker or sensible investor, and the Labor Government has thus had to suggest that the loans be guaranteed by the British Treasury, otherwise, the taxpayer. The proposal is known to be disapproved by Philip Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose personal relations with MacDonald are severely strained; and if the Government had weathered the storm over the Communist Case, it would have had to face even rougher weather when the

Russian Treaties came to be submitted for ratification.

The record of the Labor Government has been contrary to expectations. In the domestic field, little that is distinctive has been achieved and it has been a case of marking time. The unemployed have been left to the ordinary vicissitudes of trade, tempered by the usual doles. Rents and housing have been handled by compromise and subsidies. Macaulay's nephew, C. P. Trevelyan, has proved a good Minister of Education on the lines of his former Liberalism. Otherwise, the achievements have been humdrum.

But, in foreign affairs, where it was supposed that Labor would be weak, MacDonald has proved a tower of strength. Whether by luck or by genius, he and Prime Minister Herriot of France have gripped the League of Nations and taken bold

steps in the direction of peace. Also, it must not be forgotten that it was MacDonald who, with Liberal support, suspended the construction of Great Britain's naval base at Singapore and so prevented a race of naval armaments in the Pacific.

In an election, Labor is well organized and will fight hard. The Liberals are believed to be seriously weakened. And the Conservatives, who thus see their opponents divided, are obviously in the happiest position. In Winston Churchill they have gained a brilliant recruit and, directed against Socialism, his rhetoric will be an important factor.

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The Mills of the League Grind Slowly

THE League of Nations, gathered in the Fifth Assembly, has unanimously accepted a protocol, inviting all the powers to a conference on disarmament, which is to meet next June, somewhere in Europe, presumably Geneva. In the conference, Germany and Russia will be asked to participate, and if the United States is absent, it will be isolated. The question is, therefore, whether the United States will accept or refuse the invitation. John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate, has given a pledge, that if he be elected President, and the Peace Conference meets in Europe, the United States will be there. President Coolidge has himself suggested a Conference on Disarmament to meet at Washington. On the League's proposal, it is indicated broadly on his behalf that he favors conferences for the promotion of peace.

Here and now to abolish war is a project so startling that we may well rub our eyes. There has never been a period, however remote, however mythical, when mankind could



A GERMAN PORTRAYAL OF ENGLAND
IN TROUBLE

John Bull beset by India, Egypt and Ireland.
—From *Kladderadatsch*.

imagine society without war. It was warfare in heaven that cast out Satan and originated evil. It was warfare that destroyed the brotherhood of Cain and Abel. Eliminate war, and what is left of Homer's poems, of German legends, of Scottish ballads, of Gibbon's history, and of the world's pantheon, with its Alexander, its Xerxes, its Julius Caesar, its Charlemagne, its Napoleon, its Wellington and its Washington? Yet slavery, an institution as universal as war and more personal, has almost disappeared, at any rate in a violent form; and polygamy, also widespread, has been mitigated. Many circumstances, scientific and financial as well as ethical and humanitarian, have combined to render war an obsolete method of settling differences between nations. Statesmen who prepare for war are finding that public opinion is against them.

The League of Nations has thus ceased to be a debating society for idealists. Whatever view be taken of the protocol which summons the conference, it is at least a definite and challenging document. Moreover, the League, as an instrument of peace, has now survived the blow under which it staggered when the United States stood aside. There is no question to-day of the League's collapsing. Nor is the League confined to Europe. The French Plan which won the prize offered by Edward A. Filene of Boston suggested that there should be a European League of Nations. Any such idea may now be dismissed from consideration. And it may be added that the cautious counsels of the Bok Peace Plan have been ignored. The League desires the presence of the United States. But the detachment of the United States has consolidated the League and inspired the constituent nations to go ahead. The League includes Asia and Japan and every American dominion and republic except one.

The invitation for next year's Conference is not merely a formal notice of date. It is embodied in a protocol which means, in plain English, a program of business. In the history of diplomacy, there has been no more startling document. And there arises the question how far the nations attending the conference stand committed to what is implied in the protocol. It is not, of course, a treaty. It need not be submitted to Parliaments or to Congress for ratification. But it is a basis of discussion, out of which it is expected that treaties will emerge.

To disputant nations, the protocol allows full liberty to select what may seem to be the most suitable tribunal for arbitration. It may be the International Court at The Hague; it may be the Council of the League; or it may be an umpire set up for the particular point at issue. What, however, the protocol does insist upon is that, in no case of dispute shall there be war.

In the opinion of the League, Arbitration must be supported by a sense of security. It is proposed, therefore, that, when a dispute has been referred to Arbitration, the League shall assume a vigilant supervision of the armaments on both sides, so as to prevent the possibility of either party taking advantage of the other by preparing for war during the hearings of the tribunal.

And if a disputant refuses Arbitration and, instead, goes to war, what then? In that event, the League shall immediately call upon its members to take action. And this action may be economic boycott, commercial blockade or active hostilities on land or sea or in the air. In other words, any nation that goes to war will be fought by other nations. In a familiar phrase, the League will "enforce peace."

And here two points of especial significance should be noted. It is agreed that the League shall act



"regionally." This means that European nations would bring pressure to bear against an aggressor in Europe; while American nations would act similarly in America. The Monroe Doctrine, so it is argued, will thus be respected. It is also agreed that nations, especially threatened, may conclude or continue defensive alliances, which merely fortify the more general undertakings of the protocol. This concession enables France and Belgium and the Little Entente to safeguard themselves as hitherto against Germany and Russia.

To say that all nations must arbitrate instead of fight is simple. But to act upon the principle will require courage and restraint. There is as yet no complete and recognized code of international law, and if there were, it would still be true that wars are fought, not on grounds of law but of equity. At Geneva, two cases have been mentioned, neither

of which is covered by international law. The first affects the control of raw materials. Take quinine, of which Holland has developed what is almost a world monopoly in Java. Legally, that monopoly is "a domestic" matter with which no other country has a right to interfere. But if Holland were to hold up the supply of quinine, what then? Would not the rest of the world be vitally concerned? Technically, a question may be domestic; actually, it may be international.

A second and more dangerous case is immigration. The powers, including the United States and Japan herself, have always taken the view that immigration is a domestic question which every country has a right to decide for itself.

This means that if a difference between Japan and the United States or Australia arose over immigration, the Hague Court would simply say, "This is domestic. We have no jurisdiction." And Japan, if aggrieved, would have no redress. For if she went to war, she would be declared "the aggressor" and have the whole world against her. That, at any rate, was Japan's plea at Geneva.

By the Covenant of the League it is laid down that *any* question which disturbs the amity of nations, whether "domestic" or not, may be submitted to the Council of the League for conciliatory discussion. And Japan has insisted that nothing in the protocol shall be interpreted as limiting this "indefeasible right." And on the other side, naturally, Australia has insisted that she can sign no protocol if it impairs the certainty of the Commonwealth remaining "white." While, then, the

League has acted strongly and with united consent, there are still lions obstructing the pathway of peace.

Can the United States acquiesce in principle to the protocol? And if she retains a free hand on the protocol, can she attend the conference? These are the questions to be decided; and it should be understood that, whether the United States comes in or stays out, she is now implicated in what the League has in mind. This is clearly evident from the simplest analysis of what the protocol involves.

According to the League, it takes three words to spell the one word, Peace. Those three words are Arbitration, Security and Disarmament. Peace is thus an altar supported on a tripod. Remove any one of the three legs of the tripod and the altar of Peace falls to the ground.

Ten years ago, there were more than 200 treaties of arbitration in the world and yet the Great War broke out. The reason was that only 36 of these treaties imposed compulsory arbitration. All the rest contained a loophole for evasion. A nation might agree to arbitrate a dispute if it wanted. But if it didn't want to arbitrate, it was left entirely free to go to war. The protocol declares that all nations must accept arbitration for all international issues; and that any nation which fights instead of arbitrating shall be declared "an aggressor" to which measures of forcible restraint shall be applied.

Staking Germany for a Come-Back

UNDER the Dawes Plan, Germany is bouncing like an India rubber ball. The prospective Agent-General of Reparations, Seymour Parker Gilbert, has signalized his appointment in the happiest manner by marriage; and Owen D. Young, who starts the Dawes Plan on its career, has received a second sum of 20 million gold marks from the Germans. Other receipts are announced from the Ruhr, which the French are evacuating, and the system of passports for the occupied region has been dropped. On coal, delivered as



A GERMAN VIEW OF AMERICA AS THE WORLD-DICTATOR

—From Kladderadatsch.



reparations, Owen D. Young has fixed a price of 18 marks a ton at the pit-head. And this promptitude is regarded as American hustle.

German finance is intoxicated, as with new wine. Speculators of every kind throng the hotels in Berlin, and a dozen German bankers, eager for loans, have landed in New York. "God and the world are going to America," is the saying in Berlin, and the international bankers, headed by Morgan and Company, have had no difficulty in floating the German loan of 200 million dollars. Of this sum, more than half was offered for subscription in the United States, 12 million pounds sterling in Great Britain, the rest being divided among France, Holland, Belgium, Sweden and Switzerland. The bonds mature in twenty-five years, bear 7 per cent. interest, and the issue price is 92. This makes them yield approximately $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The loan was five times oversubscribed in fifteen minutes. Not since the United States Government sold its Liberty and Victory loans in 1917 and 1918 for the purpose of raising money to de-

feat Germany has there been such a widespread public response in America to a bond issue as this one. London is said to be piqued because the loan is stated in dollars, not sterling. The reason is, of course, that sterling does not yet represent gold. The more Protectionist manufacturers in Britain fear, moreover, that the recovery of Germany will mean severe industrial competition. In fact, negotiations for an Anglo-German commercial treaty have broken down, the assumed reason being that Germany has insisted upon imposing prohibitive tariffs on British imports. One result of the settlement has been that usurious rates of interest, charged by money-lenders in Germany, will be abated.

With Germany balancing her budget, there has been wild gambling in government bonds, and immense sums have been won and lost on both sides of the Atlantic. Mayor Hylan of New York, who hardly seems enamoured of the Dawes Plan, has written a letter, making it plain that, in his judgment, the United States army and navy should not be called out to collect the interest on the loan, now under flotation! That is a reassuring thought.

□ □

Europe Moves to Repay America

THREE European nations now propose to follow England's excellent example and repay their debts due to the United States. They are France, Jugo-Slavia and Lithuania. The debt of Finland has been already funded. Honesty in international finance has thus become quite contagious and it is just possible that it includes a lively sense of borrowings to come.

About the economic recovery of France, there is, happily, no doubt. Never has the nation been more

prosperous and it is only the government which is kept poor. For instance, the salary of Prime Minister Herriot is the equivalent of 5 dollars a day. The national budget appears to be at last balanced and no more internal loans will be needed.

The French debt to the United States is $3\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars. Edward N. Hurley, of the War Debts Commission, has returned from Paris with the information that the French Government is prepared to repay this money in instalments covering 67 years, provided that a rate of interest, in the meantime, can be settled by mutual consent. What will that rate be? In the case of Britain, it is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

□ □

Laying the Irish Banshee

IS the Irish Question at last settled? Or, to quote Lloyd George, is "the banshee" finally laid? Let us hope so. The treaty which founded the Irish Free State left one detail undecided. It was the precise boundary between northern and southern Ireland which runs through the counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone. This frontier was to be delimited by a joint commission, but when the time came, northern Ireland refused to appoint its delegation. It was a final spasm of recalcitrancy.

Not to carry out the treaty would have been fatal. De Valera and his extreme Republicans would have charged Britain with yet another perfidy and would have demanded independence. And such a schism at the heart of the British Empire would have loosened the joints everywhere—especially in India. Hence, even the House of Lords agreed that legislation must be carried which would, gently but firmly, press the territories of northern Ireland into shape.



"AN' THE DAWN COMES UP LIKE
THUNDER OUTER CHINA 'CROST
TH' BAY!"

—Temple in New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Thrones Quaking in Islam

ISLAM is to-day stirred to its depths. King Hussein of Mecca has been deposed and, with his treasures, has taken refuge at Jeddah, under the shelter of British guns. It is a blow which shakes the thrones of his two sons—Feisal, King of Mesopotamia, and Abdullah, King of Trans-Jordania. It means that all Arabia, from Mount Ararat to Aden, is seething. And Mohammed himself did not make, at the outset, a greater stir.

The rival of Hussein is Ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd. Leading fanatical Wahabis, he has descended on the Holy City like the scourge of God. His sword has been plunged to the hilt in blood. And as conqueror, he assumes Hussein's claims to be Caliph of the Mohammendan world. What makes his success the more significant is the fact that he is backed by the Moslems of India.

Listening In

A Broadcast of Significant Sayings

NOBODY has ever given satisfactory proof of an inherent inequality of races. The current unfavorable opinion of the Negro is based largely on complete ignorance of African native conditions, and of Negro achievements in the industries and arts and in political organization. The glorification of our own race is founded exclusively on a consideration of the cultural opportunities given to the few and on the complete neglect of the cultural primitiveness of the great mass of individuals. This primitiveness shows itself intellectually in the uncritical acceptance of second-hand ideas and emotionally in the ease with which most persons succumb to the power of fashionable passions.—*Franz Boas, eminent American anthropologist.*

IT is a tragic thing that women have won a hold on political machinery and formulas at the very moment when the world is realizing that they are not the fundamentals of salvation. The War has destroyed faith in politicians and their methods; it has shown that political devices cannot save the world. Among the thoughtful and the masses a contempt for them has sprung up, and we are falling back on old things—education, discipline, character, hard thinking, hard labor. Therein lies the regeneration of things, not in conferences, elections, resolutions, legislation. Women have won political

power only to discover that such power is largely illusory.—*Ida M. Tarbell, biographer of Lincoln, Standard Oil historian and student of political economy.*

SO far the enfranchisement of women has had a confusing and belittling influence upon politics. It was the woman's vote which achieved the crowning silliness of making Prohibition a part of the Constitution of the United States. The drive for better education is no stronger than it was before our sisters had the vote; the drive for more scientific research is perceptibly feeble.—*H. G. Wells, English novelist and social prophet.*

NO SCHEME for peace can be produced but the critical minds of men can prove beyond a doubt that it cannot work. When our ancestors were struggling upward, the philosophers of their day, every time that a new faith was born and a new hope glimmered in the hearts of men and women who saw ahead, proved it was altogether impossible, and that as we were so we are and so we shall be.

The faith that we proclaim is that this past was parent to the present and grandparent to the future. Stagnation? No, never! Onward? Yes, but let us see it is upward as well as onward. With that faith in my heart, so long as opportunity is given me I shall use that opportunity to try to lay the foundations of peace on this earth.

Some critic has said that the Assembly at Geneva truly represents the whole world. On the floor, he said, were Foreign Secretaries, Prime Ministers, experts—cold, critical, cynical. In the galleries were the hearts and hopes of peoples, radiant and enthusiastic. It is our problem to burn up the cynicism of the floor with the flames of holy aspiration that rage in the galleries.—*Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister and ardent advocate of the League of Nations.*

RELIGION and medicine were once one science, with magic as a special sub-department. After a long entanglement, medicine has now nearly established its independence of both magic and religion. Medicine is ashamed of magic but uses it furtively: there is great virtue in a Latin prescription, for it looks very like an exorcism. But religion has

been far from successful in banishing magic. Even if the priest does not wish to be a spiritual medicine-man—and he is sorely tempted to act the part—his flock are often eager to endow him with occult powers. And if the Church disclaims the gift of curing bodily diseases, new sects offer and successfully advertise these nostrums.—*Dean Inge, London divine.*

THE passion for inequality is the one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.—*P. W. Wilson, former Member of Parliament and distinguished English journalist, commenting on the reception given to the Prince of Wales by American social aspirants.*

THE time has come when we are to judge the men of our day by the attitude they took toward the Great War. If we want to find out what our would-be spiritual and intellectual leaders are worth, let us search diligently to find out their records during the war. Have they in speech or action encouraged that War? Have they spoken evil of those who fought on the other side? Have they pharisaically asserted their own superior self-righteousness? Have they, like imbeciles, accepted the empty catchwords of their politicians? If not, it is well, and we may hold up our heads. But else they are condemned, and we who made them leaders are condemned, for by their own mouths they are declared foul emanations of the passions of the crowd, Poison Gas made Flesh.—

Havelock Ellis, English scientist, philosopher and stylist.

PERHAPS men of genius alone deserve to be called real men. In all the history of the race there have been only a few thousands of real men. And the rest of us—what are we? Teachable animals. Without the help of the real men, we should have found out almost nothing at all. Almost all the ideas with which we are familiar could never have occurred to minds like ours. Plant the seeds there and they will grow; but our minds could not have generated them.—*Aldous Huxley, impudent English anatomist of modern life.*

AMERICAN business men are gradually learning that possession is different from ownership. Possession connotes what a man has in his hands; ownership, what a man is in himself. Possession is having a house; ownership is creating a home. Possession is material; ownership is spiritual. A man may possess millions, and yet own nothing. That is the truth that is burning itself into the minds and hearts of so many money-makers: that how much a man owns depends on the height and breadth and depth of his mind and soul, and not on his bank account.—

Edward Bok, editor and publicist whose rise from obscurity to wealth and fame was recently told in an autobiography.

A LEAGUE of Nations can only be a mechanism, responsive to good forces and evil forces. It is incapable of giving out anything that is not put into it; it can be an implement for fine ideals, but cannot create them; it can as readily become the implement of a gloomy tyranny. Idealists, baffled by the herculean (but necessary) task of improving human nature, have turned to it hopefully, as a dub golfer touchingly turns to a new club. . . . In the long run it doesn't make the slightest difference whether it continues to exist, or vanishes, or whether the United States joins it or not. Dominant powers will dominate, whether with it or without it. A new spirit will (we hope and sometimes believe) come into the world, after many weary centuries of strife, either with it or without it, but not because of it nor in spite of it. Go and play with it, if you want to; we don't care; we know how you feel about it—we've got some pet toys of our own.—*Don Marquis, journalist-philosopher.*

MAN'S capacity for pretense has been the only thing that has kept him going in a rough, bruising world. He has found, throughout history, that the percolation of certain fictions into affairs has made order and government more easy.—*Christopher Morley, essayist and wit.*

CYNICISM is less often the fruit of failure than of success. The man who has failed has still in

his heart all of his aspirations and dreams, that yet seem to him brave and worth while and glamorous. The cynicism of such a man is essentially shallow, if not dishonest. But the cynic who has succeeded has no aspirations and no dreams left to him. He has realized them, and having realized them has found them out for the relatively puny things they are. His cynicism is accordingly at once the more sound and the more sincere.—*George Jean Nathan, co-editor of the American Mercury.*

DEMOCRACY prefers second-bests always.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

Eduard Benes

Author of the Famous Protocol to Outlaw War

IF there had been no war in Europe, the probability is that, at the University of Prague, students would have been listening to lectures on economics and sociology, delivered by two interesting but obscure professors. The elder, now aged 73 years, would have been Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, and the younger, Dr. Eduard Benes. Both these intellectuals would have been the subjects of a Hapsburg Emperor, called Karl. And, as Bohemians, they would have rendered to the Emperor a somewhat reluctant allegiance.

But there have been changes at the ancient city of Prague. For nearly a decade, those Professors have sat in chairs, more prominent and less comfortable, than the chairs of the teaching university. Masaryk is President of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia. Benes is his foreign minister and plenipotentiary on the League of Nations, where he is the acknowledged leader of mankind along the pathway of constructive peace. The College has become the Cabinet and the professors have ousted the potentates.

Benes is to Masaryk what Timothy was to Paul—a son in the faith, begotten in bonds. It was Masaryk who encouraged Benes as a student to try his luck at the Sorbonne in Paris and at the University at Dijon. Benes thus became a linguist and a cosmopolitan, no longer a Czech alone, but a citizen of Europe. Like Masaryk, he was a sturdy son of Bohemia, who hated Austrian domination, but his faith in Bohemia as a nation was—again like Masaryk's—a modernized faith. Hitherto, Bohemian patriots had fed their loyalty on memories of the past. Masaryk and Benes realized that, if Bohemia was to emerge from tyranny, she would have to face the twentieth century. The Republic would have to be founded, not on mediaevalism, whether Catholic or Protestant, but on

education, knowledge, realities. In a sentence, it must be no longer Bohemia. The grand old name must be rewritten in racial, ethnological terms, as Czecho-Slovakia.

Hitherto, the Bohemians, as Czechs, have looked to Russia for emancipation. Masaryk had the courage to declare that Bohemia belonged to western not to eastern Europe and that help from Czarist Russia meant no more than a change of masters. Masaryk's wife was American. He knew what democracy means. And he taught Benes.

When the war was brewing, Austria realized that Masaryk was a dangerous man. Scheduled for arrest, he fled to Paris, leaving Benes, still at Prague. While Masaryk organized the Czecho-Slovakians in exile, Benes developed what was called the "Mafia" within the Dual Monarchy itself. The plans of Austria-Hungary were communicated to the Allies and her military success was stealthily impeded. From one standpoint, it was treason; from another, the loftiest patriotism. The Mafia had not been long at work before Benes, like Masaryk, was compromised. A warrant for his arrest was issued. He was warned and he fled. On a dark night, he crept across the frontier into Bavaria and so into Switzerland. Thus did he reach Paris and freedom and, above all, his leader. The active partnership again rapidly developed. The two professors were no longer students of nationalism, poring with academic eyes over the racial map of Europe. Suddenly, they had obtained the backing of an allegiance of great powers, the most powerful ever recorded in the annals of mankind.

Described as the re-incarnation of John Huss, President Masaryk has been beyond doubt the true father of modern Bohemia. He is the George Washington of his country; or—to suggest less challenging comparisons—he is what,

for a time, Paderewski was to Poland, Sun Yat Sen to China and Lenin to Russia, but when the Dual Monarchy disappeared, Masaryk was already a veteran. His health was no longer robust. And it was Benes who undertook the task of reorganizing Czecho-Slovakia, and especially her foreign relations.

Physically he was tall, slight, active, clever. His little imperial beard, close-clipped moustache, abundant and well-brushed hair, humorous eye, straight nose and long head indicate a buoyant optimistic nature. As a thinker, he may not be profound. But he is what Americans call a "go-getter." He is quick, adaptable, mobile—appealing to Lord Curzon as the ablest diplomat in Central Europe, and to Hungary as the only diplomat who can see reason—on both sides. Czecho-Slovakia has, in fact, produced a Lloyd George. Talk to him, and he stands on no ceremony. On the contrary, he sinks into his chair until, in easy-going fashion reminiscent of the English Viscount Cecil, he sits on his shoulder blades.

In their work of reconstructing a government, he and Masaryk have been supported by as splendid a race as the world has produced. Bohemia was the Finland of the Austro-Hungarian Empire—an enlightened, religiously liberal, law-abiding and honest country. As a Republic, Bohemia rapidly stabilized her currency, put her industries into ship-shape, and, secure in herself, thus faced a civilization in collapse. In all this, Benes played the part which Cavour played as Minister in Sardinia. From a small footstool, he influenced the destinies of mighty sovereignties.

But, like Cavour, Benes has known that a small country is not enough. As Cavour built up the unity of Italy, so is Benes endeavoring to promote the unity of Europe. First, he made it plain that he had no intention of perpetuating quarrels with Germany, Austria and Hungary, the opponents of Czecho-Slovakia in the late war. His only stipulation has been that the Hapsburgs should not return either to Vienna or to Budapest.

Next, he formed the Little Entente, consisting of Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia, which meant that, on the chessboard, he had three pawns to play with instead of one—which network of cooperation has been completed by a treaty with Poland.

And, thirdly, he insists on neighborly relations with Russia. He has no use for Bolshevism. And if he is "a kind of a Socialist," his opinions are academic. But he has no intention of allowing Czecho-Slovakia to be dragged into the morass of war over some province which Poland or Rumania desires to retain against a reasonable Russian claim. This applies particularly to Bessarabia, the Alsace-Lorraine of the Black Sea and the real danger spot of Europe.

During Poincaré's premiership, Benes was drawn into close relations with France. There was talk of a secret military alliance and a considerable alienation from England. Probably Benes would have argued that, as a continental power, he had no choice save to accompany France, even in her militarist career. But when Herriot succeeded Poincaré, the real Benes emerged again. He well knew, what indeed Ramsay MacDonald asserted, that, even with the backing of France, the Little Entente is a mere makeshift. Planted in the middle of Europe, there could be no peace for Czecho-Slovakia unless there was peace for all other countries on the continent. And a real peace must consist of war being outlawed. Hence, the famous protocol, announcing arbitration, security and a limitation of armies, navies and munitions, which Benes drafted at Geneva. It obliges each member of the League to cooperate loyally and effectively in support of the League Covenant and in resistance to acts of aggression.

To others, disarmament is an ideal. To Benes, it is the only realism. Without disarmament, small nations like Czecho-Slovakia, cannot exist. It is with his back to the wall, therefore, that Benes is carrying on negotiations. To him, there must be no "next war."

Major-General John L. Hines, U. S. A.

The New Chief of Staff is Much Beribboned and Bemedaled

A FIRST-CLASS fighting man with enough medals and decorations to start a museum, who looks the part he played as a military leader when the line wavered at Soissons—such is Major-General John Leonard Hines, chief of staff, in succession to General Pershing, of the United States Army. His exploits along the front in France savor of romance and adventure, but he coupled with his personal daring a skill as an army man which won him promotions in meteoric order. Within a few months he rose from command of a regiment to command of an army corps, and after the war he was decorated not only for bravery in action but also for his manifest ability as “a regimental brigade, division and corps commander.”

Winning praise for his conduct as a fighter and a leader in France, however, was not a new experience for General Hines. He had been awarded the silver

citation star for gallantry in action against the Spanish forces at Santiago in 1898, where he was then serving as First Lieutenant in the Second Infantry. In 1901 he was mentioned in regimental orders for his services on the Island of Marinduque during the Philippine insurrection. He won the D. S. C. by displaying “extraordinary heroism in action near Berzy-le-Sec, France, July 21, 1918. The citation says:

“At a critical time during the battle southwest of Soissons, when liaison between the Sixteenth Infantry and the Twenty-sixth Infantry was broken and repeated efforts to re-establish it had failed, General Hines, then in command of the First Infantry Brigade, personally went through terrific artillery fire to the front lines of the Sixteenth Infantry, located its left flank, and, walking in front of the lines, encouraged the troops by his example of fearlessness and disregard of danger. He then succeeded in finding the right forward elements of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, and directed the linking-up of the two regiments, thereby enabling the operations to be pushed forward successfully.”

General Hines also was awarded the D.S.M. for “exceptional meritorious and distinguished service as a regimental brigade, division and corps commander,” the citation stating:

“He displayed marked ability in each of the important duties with which he was entrusted and exhibited in the operations near Montdidier and Soissons and in the St. Mihiel



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IN THE CHAIR ONCE FILLED BY GENERAL PERSHING Major-General John L. Hines is pictured at his desk in the State, War and Navy Building, at Washington, after assuming the U. S. army post of Chief of Staff.

and Argonne-Meuse offensive his high attainments as a soldier and commander."

Some of the other decorations awarded him by foreign countries are: Commander of the Order of Leopold (Belgium); Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George (Great Britain); Commander of the Legion of Honor (France); Croix de Guerre with Palms (France); Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown (Italy); Medal of La Solidaridad (Panama).

General Hines was born in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., May 21, 1868. He was appointed to the Military Academy in 1887 from West Virginia. Upon his graduation from West Point he was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Second Infantry of the regular army, with which he served continuously for many years. He took part in the Santiago campaign during the Spanish-American War; served at Cienfuegos, Cuba, during the occupation until 1900, and served with the American forces in the Philippine insurrection from January to September, 1901.

After further service in the Philippine Islands he led a comparatively quiet existence in the Quartermaster's Department until 1911. Following a further period of duty with troops, he was detailed in the Adjutant General's department in 1914, serving in turn at headquarters of the Eastern Department, Governors Island, New York, and in 1916 and 1917 as adjutant to General Pershing in the punitive expedition into Mexico in pursuit of the bandit Villa.

Apropos of this sometime celebrated expedition, Damon Runyon who accompanied it as one of half a dozen newspaper correspondents writes, in the *New York American*:

"General Pershing decided that what we wrote required censoring. So he appointed his adjutant, then Major Hines, as chief censor, with an obliging young lieutenant named Shellenbarger as assistant censor. Thus I became well acquainted with Major Hines. I was often called upon to visit him to explain my copy, some of which was eventually printed, but most of which is lost in the silences of the Chihuahua

desert. . . . I never saw a better natured or more lenient censor than Major Hines. After all, a censor needs only common sense in the functioning of a censorship, and Major Hines had plenty of that. He remains the only censor whose throat I did not earnestly desire to slit."

Following the entrance of the United States into the World War, Major Hines sailed for France in May 1917, and served as Assistant Adjutant-General of the A. E. F. until October, when he was made a Colonel and assigned to command of the Sixteenth Infantry of the First Division, which command he held during the operations up to April 1918.

A month later, records the *New York Evening Post*, he was assigned as a Brigadier-General to command of the First Brigade of the First Division, and commanded that brigade during the operations in the Cantigny sector, April 25 to June 28, 1918; during the Montdidier offensive, June 9 to June 13, 1918, and during the Aisne-Marne defensive, July 18 to July 23, 1918.

In August, 1918, he was promoted to the grade of Major-General and assigned to command of the Fourth Division, which he commanded in the battle of St. Mihiel and during the earlier stages of the Meuse-Argonne offensive. In October he was assigned to command of the Third Army Corps, which he commanded during the closing stage of the Meuse-Argonne offensive and during the march into and the occupation of Germany.

General Pershing is quoted as saying that General Hines was one of the best corps commanders in France, a statement supported by the record of the Third Corps. On his return to the United States, in 1919, the future chief of staff successively held commands of the Fourth, Fifth and Second Divisions of the Eighth Corps area and was appointed deputy chief of staff in December, 1922.

General Hines, in his fifty-seventh year, is tall, with spare hair inclined to be sandy, blue-eyed and of a very ruddy complexion. His square chin is

a most prominent facial characteristic. He does not possess the rigid, soldierly bearing in the same degree as his predecessor, being inclined more to the civilian type. He is a man of great nervous energy and comes to vigorous decisions. He says yes, or no, immediately and is described as a "very fair" and a "very likable" man. Anyone who can be a censor, especially an army censor, and remain liked by the censored

is likable to an extraordinary degree. General Hines and Secretary Weeks have many characteristics in common, and are reported to be cronies in the War Department.

Mrs. Hines is the daughter of Brigadier-General William M. Wherry, who was a Civil War medal of honor man and was brevetted six times during the Civil War for bravery in action, serving in a Missouri infantry regiment.

Wu Pei-Fu

The Strong Man of China, Whose Power Is Threatened

IF we write this month of General Wu Pei-Fu, it is because he is China's strong man. Visit him at Loyang where he commands an army of 100,000 troops, and you will find yourself face to face with a tall and slender officer, sunburnt with life in the open air, no addict to opium, but healthy and disciplined; an early riser, strict in drilling his troops, a Kitchener of the Far East.

If he smiles with beaming eyes, it is a sign of strength and a clear conscience. Never was man more sure than is General Wu Pei-Fu of his own faithfulness to duty. And he wastes no time about it. Granting an appointment, he wires but three words, "You are welcome." And as conversation is translated, he endorses dispatches. Surrounded by a numerous secretariat, he is a quick executive who leaves no loose ends to a correspondence.

It is by sheer ability that Wu Pei-Fu has risen to eminence. His father was no more than a farmer in Shantung. And the son, being a lad of parts, took to learning as learning was understood in China before the revolution abolished the Manchu Dynasty. Poverty drove him to become the servant of an officer in the army and promotion followed. China is thus as much a democracy as the United States. There may be chaos. There may be graft. But the humblest can rise to the highest positions. An

able man has a chance of making good. And in Wu Pei-Fu's case, one reason was that he realized the value of time. As he has dropped the pigtail and adopted western uniform, so has he dropped the oriental habit of circumlocution. He says what he means and he means what he says.

In China, all soldiers are soldiers of fortune. And Wu Pei-Fu is no exception. He is one general amid a group who contend for the mastery and his dependence is on the sword. The question is, then, whether his motives differ in any respect from those of his rivals. The case for Wu Pei-Fu is that, if he fights, it is to establish a Republic. He does not ask to be himself the President. He is content to be Warwick, the King-maker. And, in this sense, he has been devoid of the personal ambition which illuminates the career of Mussolini with so brilliant a flair. While he is a dictator, it is despite himself. He acts through a nominee.

He is, of course, the tuchun or military governor of Chihli. Indeed, he is a super-tuchun. But he protests that he would like to see the abolition of all these military governorships and the establishment in China of one Federal army. His critics reply that this would mean autocracy, not for the Republic but for Wu Pei-Fu. They argue that Wu Pei-Fu is attacking what in our country would be called "State rights."

So Sun-Yat-Sen, the President of the South China Republic, is against Wu Pei-Fu. And General Chang, the pro-Japanese Governor of Manchuria, issues the laconic manifesto, "Wu Pei-Fu must be suppressed." To these competitors of Wu Pei-Fu, his program of unification of China by force is as if Napoleon were to have claimed to be conquering Europe in the interests of solidarity and peace!

That Wu Pei-Fu's education has been restricted is obvious. He is no theorist, but a practical, even a ruthless administrator. What he has seen is the fall of the Manchu Dynasty in 1911 and the rise of the Republic. Until the year 1916, when he died, the autocrat of the Republic was that astute statesman of the old school, Yuan-Shih-Kai, the pupil of and successor to Li Hung Chang, and Yuan, before his death, had at one time actually assumed the title of Emperor. Since then China has suffered chaos, in which the domination of Japan, by threats and bribery, has been at once a peril and a scandal. Against that foreign "penetration" of the country, General Wu has set his face. It is he who drove General Chang beyond the Great Wall and so, for a time, cleared Peking of that armed Manchurian nominee. And it is he who quashed the Administration of President Li Yuan-Hung, substituting for him his nominal superior officer, Marshal Tsao Kung. It cannot be pretended that the Presidential election was an altruistic process. The members of Parliament at Peking were paid 5,000



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HIS CHINESE ARMY WOULD HAVE AND HOLD GENERAL CHANG BEYOND THE GREAT WALL

But General Wu Pei-Fu is finding it quite a job to maintain his beneficent military control of the Peking Government, with foes besieging him on all sides.

pieces of silver each for their votes. It was a simple case of the end justifying the means. The civilian administration was accused of pusillanimity, venality and bankruptcy, and the soldiers had to step in with their coup d'état and save the country. This at least is the excuse advanced on behalf of a praetorian revolt.

To crush General Chang in the north and to break the armies of the tuchuns in the south, is now General Wu's objective. It remains to be seen whether he will succeed. If he does succeed, will he really carry out his plans of reducing all the tuchun armies? Will he be able to protect the Executive at Peking from what he considers to be the machinations of Japan? Has a general

ever founded a true Republic? These are the questions which arise in the case of the bland, efficient and successful Wu Pei-Fu. There is much to be said for the view that democratic institutions must spring from the people themselves. Wu is, at the moment, the strong man of China. But this is a very different thing from saying that

he has communicated a permanent stability to the Chinese Government.

The disunion of China is like the ancient English heptarchy on a vast scale. Is General Wu an Alfred the Great? Will he achieve an Empire in the Far East many times more populous than the empire which the Romans failed permanently to achieve?

William Crapo Durant

The Most Spectacular Figure in Wall Street

"THAT irrepressible Durant," as he has been known for years in American financial circles, referring to William Crapo Durant, former head of the General Motors Company, again has Wall Street on tiptoe with interest and expectancy. The reason is that Durant, over whom Wall Street has twice chanted a requiem and who was twice supposed to have been permanently interred financially, is asserted to be recouping his fortunes at an amazing rate. Only the other day he was credited with taking a two-million-dollar profit on an operation in Cast Iron Pipe stock, and his recent coups are estimated to have aggregated upward of \$10,000,000.

Wall Street at large has never seemed to like this spectacular operator; not, writes R. R. Batson, in the *New York Evening World*, because of any personal characteristics, for Wall Street is disposed to be impersonal, but he has long been considered more or less of a disturbing element. Five years or so ago, when he was recognized as the biggest man, next to Henry Ford, in the automobile industry and his fortune was variously estimated at between \$50,000,000 and \$100,000,000 the Street viewed his financial operations with an unfavorable eye; and when his fortunes collapsed in 1920 the Street showed no disposition to mourn. His ability to "come back" is attributed to the same boldness in conception, nerve in action and brilliancy in achievement that have characterized his business life.

Durant, now in his sixty-fourth year, is a native of Boston, where he was born December 8, 1861. His family moved to Detroit when he was a strippling and a short time later established a home in Flint, Michigan. Durant started in business there at the age of seventeen as a clerk, and by the time he was twenty-one had formed the Durant-Dort Carriage Company, with a capital of \$2,000. It developed into a business that had an output of 150,000 carriages a year.

As early as 1904 he foresaw that the horse-drawn vehicle was doomed as a general mode of transportation and he organized the Buick Motor Company. During the first year of its existence it turned out just sixteen cars.

But, we read, Durant didn't attract a great deal of attention in Wall Street until 1908. The money panic hadn't quite spent its force, but to the amazement of others in the motor industry Durant organized the General Motors Company. Into it he put the Buick Company, the Cadillac, for which he paid nearly \$5,000,000 cash, the Oldsmobile, Oakland and several others.

Within two years Durant struck his first big snag. The company had developed so rapidly that he had to sell \$23,000,000 of its five-year notes in the open market and he was practically ousted from its management by the bankers who did the financing. He retained his stock interest, however, and bided his time so that when the notes were paid off he had himself re-elected

chief executive of the company in June, 1916.

Meantime he had devoted his energies to the organization and development of the Flint Motor Company, and his stock interest in General Motors under the management of the bankers had shown tremendous appreciation. From a price of \$37 in 1914 it became one of the prominent "war brides" and sold at \$558 in 1915.

When Durant reassumed active direction of General Motors' affairs his fortune was estimated in the millions. His stock market operations became a topic of discussion in most of the brokerage offices and there were predictions that the many campaigns he was believed to be engineering would lead to disaster.

The soothsayers were right. In November, 1920, after a stock market decline that was as prolonged and as severe as that which preceded the war, during which there were numerous

alarming rumors of tremendously important individual bankruptcies and industrial receiverships impending, it was announced that Durant's affairs had become so involved that he was forced to ask the Du Ponts and the Morgan interests to purchase his General Motors holdings and take over its management. So for the second time he was forced to give up its direction.

Durant sold to the Du Ponts and the Morgan interests his personal holdings of 2,504,273 shares of General Motors, for which he received \$23,790,600 cash and 40,000 shares of Du Pont Securities Corporation.

Not a whit discouraged he began the



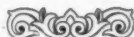
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**HIS "COME BACK" TO WALL STREET HAS BEEN
DRAMATIC**

William C. Durant, once rated to be worth \$50,000,000, and looked upon as dead financially four years ago, is recouping his fortunes at an astonishing rate, according to report.

battle anew. He formed the Durant Motors Company, Inc., and a block of 500,000 shares offered at around \$12 a share was oversubscribed within forty-eight hours.

Wall Street viewed the attempts of William C. Durant to rehabilitate his fortunes with considerable skepticism until a year or so ago when he offered to buy the capital stock of the Fisher Body Company, the largest producer of motor-car bodies in the world, for \$100,000,000. He was then found to be conducting a series of daring operations in the stock market and was known to have cleaned up some \$5,000,000 in Studebaker stock.



Mark Twain's Autobiography

The Self-Revelation of Our Greatest Humorist

DURING recent years an immense amount of psychologic criticism has dealt with the name and the fame of Mark Twain. We have had, for instance, Van Wyck Brooks' book, "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," and we have had the chapter on Mark Twain in "The American Mind in Action," written by Harvey O'Higgins and Dr. E. H. Reede. Some of this criticism has been of slight value; some is obviously overdrawn; but all of it takes on new interest as a result of the publication of "Mark Twain's Autobiography" (Harper). In this work we get the original record from which we can draw our own conclusions in regard to the man who is universally conceded to have been the greatest humorous writer that America has produced. He stands before us in a full-length portrait made by himself—unique, challenging, intensely vital.

With the exception of a few chapters appearing in the *North American Review*, the material contained in the "Autobiography" is now printed for the first time. It was dictated, so we are told in an introduction furnished by Twain's biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, at intervals over a period ranging from 1870 to 1906, and it has, throughout, the charm which only spontaneity can give. Original, to the point of eccentricity, in everything that he said or did and even in the way that he dressed, Mark Twain has insisted on being original in the scope and shape of his autobiography. The result of his efforts is a series of chapters that, like fireflies, dart here, there and everywhere. No attempt has been made to preserve continuity or to attain completeness. Accounts of his books; anecdotes, serious and humorous; portrayals of both the famous and the unknown personalities that he has known; reminiscences of his mother, his wife, his daughter Susy, his boyhood days in

Missouri; bold expressions of opinions on many topics—are all here.

Three public figures who dominate the work are General Grant, Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt. Some of the early and best chapters tell how Mark Twain induced Grant to take his "Memoirs" out of the hands of the Century Company and to intrust them, instead, to the publishing firm of Charles L. Webster & Company, in which Mark Twain was the directing influence. A curious fatality may be said to have dogged both Grant and Twain, for while the former had been driven into writing as a result of his financial misfortunes, the passage of years soon found the firm of Webster in similar difficulties. It is everlastingly to the credit of Twain that, while he was not bound in a strictly legal sense by his firm's failure, he freely assumed its moral responsibilities and went on a lecture tour around the world in order to raise sufficient cash to pay its creditors.

For Grover Cleveland, Mark Twain felt enduring admiration. He voted for Cleveland, he says, not only because he was disgusted by Blaine's nomination, but also because he thought that no one party should have too much its own way. There is something strange in the fact that the whimsical argument along this line of a Republican (Senator George Hearst, father of William Randolph Hearst) helped to shape Twain's decision.

Mark Twain's relation to Theodore Roosevelt was somewhat ambivalent. He calls him, at one moment, "windy and flamboyant," and makes much of a certain brutality in him, yet adds: "Mr. Roosevelt is one of the most likable men that I am acquainted with." He continues:

"I have known him, and have occasionally met him, dined in his company, for

certainly twenty years. I always enjoy his society, he is so hearty, so straightforward, outspoken, and, for the moment, so absolutely sincere. These qualities endear him to me when he is acting in his capacity of private citizen, they endear him to all his friends. But when he is acting under their impulse as President, they make of him a sufficiently queer President. He flies from one thing to another with incredible dispatch—throws a somersault and is straightway back again where he was last week. He will then throw some more somersaults and nobody can foretell where he is finally going to land after the series. Each act of his, and each opinion expressed, is likely to abolish or controvert some previous act or expressed opinion. This is what is happening to him all the time as President."

Mark Twain's capacity for friendship is illustrated in his relation to William Dean Howells, the novelist; to the Rev. Joseph Twichell, of Hartford, Connecticut; and to Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate who gave him invaluable help in his financial affairs. Of the last-named he writes:



IN THE THROES OF LITERARY COMPOSITION

It was Mark Twain's custom, during his later years, to do his writing in bed. Much of his autobiography was dictated in his Fifth Avenue home, New York City, from the elaborately carved black Venetian bedstead shown in the above picture.

"Mr. Rogers was endowed with many great qualities; but the one which I most admired, and which was to me a constant reproach because I lacked it, was his unselfishness where a friend or a cause that was near his heart was concerned, and his native readiness to come forward and take vigorous hold of the difficulty involved and abolish it. I was born to indolence, idleness, procrastination, indifference—the qualities that constitute a shirk; and so he was always a wonder to me, and a de-

light—he who never shirked anything, but kept his master brain and his master hands going all day long, and every day, and was happiest when he was busiest, and apparently lightest of heart when his burden of labor and duty was heaviest."

Much has been made by some of Mark Twain's critics of the way in which his wife controlled him. Never was there a more willing slave. He had first seen her picture, it seems, in a

friend's cabin on board a ship. He met her later and wooed her ardently. There were declinations and rebuffs, and when he won her at last he felt that his luck was almost too good to be true. "I have compared and contrasted her with hundreds of persons," he wrote later, "and my conviction remains that hers was the most perfect character that I have ever met. And I may add that she was the most winningly dignified person I have ever known. Her character and disposition were of the sort that not only invite worship, but command it."

Something of the same kind of sentiment has gone into the portrait of his daughter Susy, who died at the age of twenty-four. He devotes nearly a hundred pages to an analysis of Susy's character and of her childish biography of him. He says:

"Whenever I think of Susy I think of Marjorie Fleming. There was but one Marjorie Fleming. There can never be another. No doubt I think of Marjorie when I think of Susy, mainly because Dr. John Brown, that noble and beautiful soul—rescuer of marvelous Marjorie from oblivion—was Susy's great friend in her babyhood—her worshiper and willing slave."

Mark Twain is revealed in this "Autobiography" as both a philanthropist and a revolutionary. He keenly sympathizes with Helen Keller's work in behalf of the blind, the deaf and the dumb, and refers to Helen Keller herself in the glowing words: "She is fellow to Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon, Homer, Shakespeare and the rest of the immortals. She will be as famous a thousand years from now as she is to-day." He can hardly contain himself when he reads of American soldiers, under Leonard Wood, slaughtering Philippine natives, and he shares the rebellious aspiration of the Russian Socialist, Nicholas Tchaykovsky. There are passages in which he emotionally explodes. There are other passages in which, with a kind of depressed reaction, he turns upon human nature and rends it. "The history of man," he exclaims in one place, "in all climes, all ages and all

circumstances, furnishes oceans and continents of proof that of all the creatures that were made he is the most detestable." And, again, he thrusts into the center of his idyllic account of his daughter Susy, the blasting reflections:

"A myriad of men are born; they labor, sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little mean advantages over each other; age creeps upon them; infirmities follow and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities; those they love are taken from them, and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care and misery grows heavier year by year; at length ambition is dead, pride is dead, vanity is dead; longing for release comes in their place. It comes at last—the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them and they vanish from the world where they were of no consequence; where they achieved nothing; where they were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness; where they left no sign that they existed—a world which will lament them for a day and forget them forever. Then another myriad takes their place and copies all they did, and goes along the same profitless road, and vanishes as they vanished—to make room for another, and another, and a million other myriads, to follow the same arid path through the same desert and to accomplish what the first myriad, and all the myriads that came after it accomplished—nothing!"

The man who could write that, who could deny God, could also jest in a fashion incomparable, and could write in praise of natural beauty in passages that are prose-poems. He knew sorrow and bereavement, but he also knew the thrill of fame and the glowing warmth of sincere affection. We are still too close to him to be able to sum him up adequately. He came from the soil, yet he walked with kings and was honored as almost no other American of his generation was honored. His greatest tragedy lay in his inability to resist the moods which robbed him of faith and of happiness. His greatest achievement lay in the fact that even while he himself was treading a *via dolorosa* his writings were bringing unmeasured delight to millions of readers.

Rockwell Kent in Southern Seas

Thrilling Adventures of an Artist-Voyager

A CLASSIC example of self-expression is offered in Rockwell Kent's new book, "Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan" (Putnam). It comes as a kind of sequel to the author's previous "Wilderness," a record of an Alaskan experience, and establishes more firmly than ever his genius as artist and writer. This man, whom Lewis Hind once described as "a combination of Walt Whitman and Winslow Homer," and who shows the influence of William Blake and of Friedrich Nietzsche, is a force in American cultural life to be reckoned with. If his new book does not sell as many editions as "The Americanization of Edward Bok," the reason, Mary Mowbray-Clarke declares in the *New York World*, will have to be sought in the fact that American youth is influenced more by men of the type of John Roach Straton than it ought to be.

"Voyaging" is keyed to a memorable poem by Bayard Boyesen, and tells the story of how, two years ago, Kent journeyed from New York City to the southernmost islands of South America. The first part of the trip—a little preliminary jaunt of seven thousand miles—to Punta Arenas he made in a freight steamer. At Punta Arenas he bought, for the sum of twenty dollars, the lifeboat in which, after due repair and reconstruction, he and a half-crazy Norwe-

gian mate, started for Cape Horn. The ensuing adventures of the couple; their hairbreadth escapes from drowning; their tramp over Tierra del Fuego; the friends and enemies they found—provide the themes out of which the book, on both its pictorial and literary sides, is composed.

A spirit of daring runs through it all, for Kent was determined to get the very utmost out of his experience. He and his mate entered into a compact by which it was understood that, in any



TRAMPING ACROSS TIERRA DEL FUEGO

One of the splendid illustrations with which Rockwell Kent, the author of "Wilderness," embellishes his new book, "Voyaging."

emergency, the more incautious point of view should prevail, and on several occasions they owed their lives to good luck rather than to good management. There is something that holds the imagination in the way in which they pushed ahead, abandoning their boat if need be, sacrificing their belongings, picking up their meals wherever they could, enjoying the hospitality of farmers, cut-throats, poachers and of any one else whom they happened to meet. Vivid descriptions of mountains at once "a glory and a horror," of animal life, of roses "as big as sunflowers," of forests "luxuriantly green, with stately trees and violets starring their dark floors," illumine the narrative. The climax is reached in a passage in which we read of Kent and the mate ascending the heights of Bailey Island, in a day of alternating rain and storm, to get a glimpse of Cape Horn.

"Through the drifting murk of the clouds appeared a wilderness of mountain

peaks with the torn sea gleaming at their base, stark islands with the storm's night over them or glistening with a sunshaft on their streaming sides, or veiled illusively in falling rain. . . .

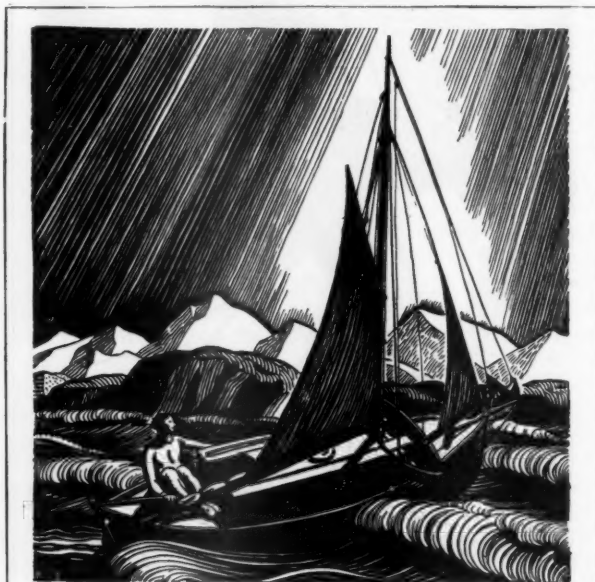
"Our eyes turned southward. The jagged range of Hermit Island was shrouded in a passing storm. Hall Island off its eastern end was almost lost in the obscurity of vapors that engulfed the south.

"Look!" we cried.

"The vapors parted: past the hard, dark edge of Wollaston appeared a cloven point of rock, faint and far off, with white surf gleaming at its foot: Horn Island!"

If we ask what it was that Rockwell Kent was seeking in this far-flung journey, the answer must, undoubtedly, be: A certain quality of experience. He is frankly hedonist and egotist, and he does things because he likes to do them. But somehow the texture of all the values by which we live is so unified that the "moral" and the "spiritual" soon become interwoven with our desires.

When he thinks of the motives that draw men from comfort and security into the hazards of adventure on the high seas, Rockwell Kent discovers an impulse profounder than consciousness and more forceful than reason. "It may be likened," he says, "to a reassertion of the will to the achievement of high purpose." He writes further: "Only the voyager perceives the poignant loveliness of life, for he alone has tasted of its contrasts. He has experienced the immense and wild expansion of the spirit outward bound, and the contracted heartburn of the home-coming. He has explored the two infinities—the external universe and himself."



VOYAGING

An inspired portrayal by Rockwell Kent of his boat *Kathleen*, with himself in the stern, on the way to Cape Horn.

Platonic Love in a New Novel

Hergesheimer's Portrait of an Aristocrat

"**A** RICH, a rare, a beautiful book," is Ellen Glasgow's description of Joseph Hergesheimer's new novel of old Virginia, "Balisand" (Knopf). She ought to know whereof she speaks, for she is herself a native of Virginia and has written several of her own stories against a background provided in part by that State. She tells us that "Balisand" is equally admirable whether considered from a historical, a political or a psychological point of view. "Whatever attributes of fashion Mr. Hergesheimer may possess," she goes on to write (in the *Saturday Review of Literature*), "thinness of texture and brevity of style are not among them. His resources are apparently inexhaustible; and since he is gifted with discrimination, he adroitly weaves his abundance into a pattern of subdued richness and variety. Notwithstanding his fondness for ornamental detail, he is one of the few American novelists whose interpretations of life have depth as well as surface, though the depth is of intuition rather than intellect."

"Balisand" is the name of the estate on which Richard Bale, eighteenth-century aristocrat, lives, moves and has his being. He represents an eternal type—the type which gives its allegiance to the motto *Noblesse oblige*, and which sees in "democracy" a tendency bound to result in the ruin of any true government. He had served in the Revolutionary War under George Washington. He had stood for all that was based in the ancient *régime*. And now, as the story opens, he is witnessing the advent and the spread of new, disturbing and "radical" ideas brought to America by Thomas Jefferson.

There is marvelous skill in the methods by which Mr. Hergesheimer reconstructs an entire era. We see the period as though we ourselves were living in it. We follow Richard Bale as he takes his part in horse-racing, politics, gam-



HERGESHEIMER CARICATURED

Covarrublas' grotesque drawing of the author of "Balisand" stands out in strong contrast to the serious content of this masterly novel.

bling and all the other occupations which interest the young bloods of the day. But the major interest of the story attaches to one of the strangest love-affairs ever recorded.

Lavinia Roderick, who dazes Richard like "a flash of sunlight in his eyes," recalls in certain ways the elusive Donna Lisa of Joseph Conrad's "Arrow of Gold," but, unlike the Conrad heroine, makes her influence felt from beyond the grave. We have barely seen her before she dies. Her relation to Richard is conceived in what one critic describes as a "platonic" mood. She is ever in his mind; she haunts him even after he has married and become the father of children. When he tries to convey to a friend his sense of the certainty of Lavinia's presence, he says:

"I don't mean that I thought Lavinia was beside me, I didn't see her or hear the whisper of a skirt, there was no vision of Lavinia and heaven opening or promises; nothing like that. No, it was the

same overwhelming feeling I had standing with her in the sun . . . in your garden. I sat down, the wharf and water and land were pretty well blurred, and told myself it would go soon. I didn't want it to, but that's what happened in my mind—I kept saying it will go at once, it can't stay this way. But it did for what must have been an hour or more. I won't describe it.

"Only, as I said, you can't dismiss it as a figure of the imagination. I hadn't been thinking about her, not all morning; it wasn't a picture of what you might call the senses. . . ."

Great love and great hate strive for mastery in Richard Bale. There are times when the thought of his lost Lavinia rankles in his soul like a poison;

and he dies, in the end, in a duel with the man who had once expected to marry her. For good or for ill, Lavinia is never out of the story. Her power to enchant, envelop and dominate remains to the last.

It is this power which constitutes the unique feature of "Balisand," and in dealing with it, as Ellen Glasgow notes, Mr. Hergesheimer is "superb and sustained, unweakened by sentimentality and undisfigured by science." Miss Glasgow says that she can recall no other novel in which the haunting spell of the past or the occurrence of ecstatic vision has been transfused so perfectly into the very substance of art.

Another Byron Memorial

Greece Honors Hero of Missolonghi With "Poetic Postage"

KINGS, queens, presidents and national heroes who have distinguished themselves either on the field of battle or in statescraft have long made the postage stamp a popular picture gallery. Now comes Greece with two new issues of stamps, one an 80-lepta, the other a 2-drachma, commemorating the death of Lord Byron a century ago, being the first time since postage stamps were introduced in 1840 that a poet has been so honored.

The stamp here shown represents Byron's entry into Missolonghi, and is after a painting by a Greek artist. The picture is recorded in black, the border is in mauve.

While this latest tribute to one of the greatest romantic poets in the history of English literature sets a new fashion in postage, it is perhaps more as a liberator than as a man of letters that Byron was chosen.

Many curious postage stamps, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* reminds us, have been issued in the past, and there is a large demand by collectors for the rarer series. Australia, for example, has put a kangaroo on some of its stamps; the Straits Settlements have displayed a Bengal tiger; Liberia an elephant and a hippopotamus; Guatemala a parrot and North Borneo and Labuan have even exalted the baboon. Until the five million sets of these Byron stamps are exhausted they will bring no premium among the philatelists.

As is perhaps fitting, the plates for these Greek stamps, dedicated to the rebel-poet Byron, are the work of English engravers.



THE FIRST POETIC POSTAGE STAMP
Five million impressions have been made by the Greek Government of this stamp on which is commemorated Byron's dramatic entry into Missolonghi.

TYLER POLK TAYLOR FILLMORE PIERCE
HARRISON VAN BUREN BUCHANAN
JACKSON LINCOLN
ADAMS JOHNSON
MARSHALL GRANT
WASHINGTON HAYES
MADISON ADAMS
JEFFERSON
GARFIELD
ARTHUR
CLEVELAND
HARRISON
Mc KINLEY
ROOSEVELT
TAFT
WILSON
HARDING
COOLIDGE

DAVIS

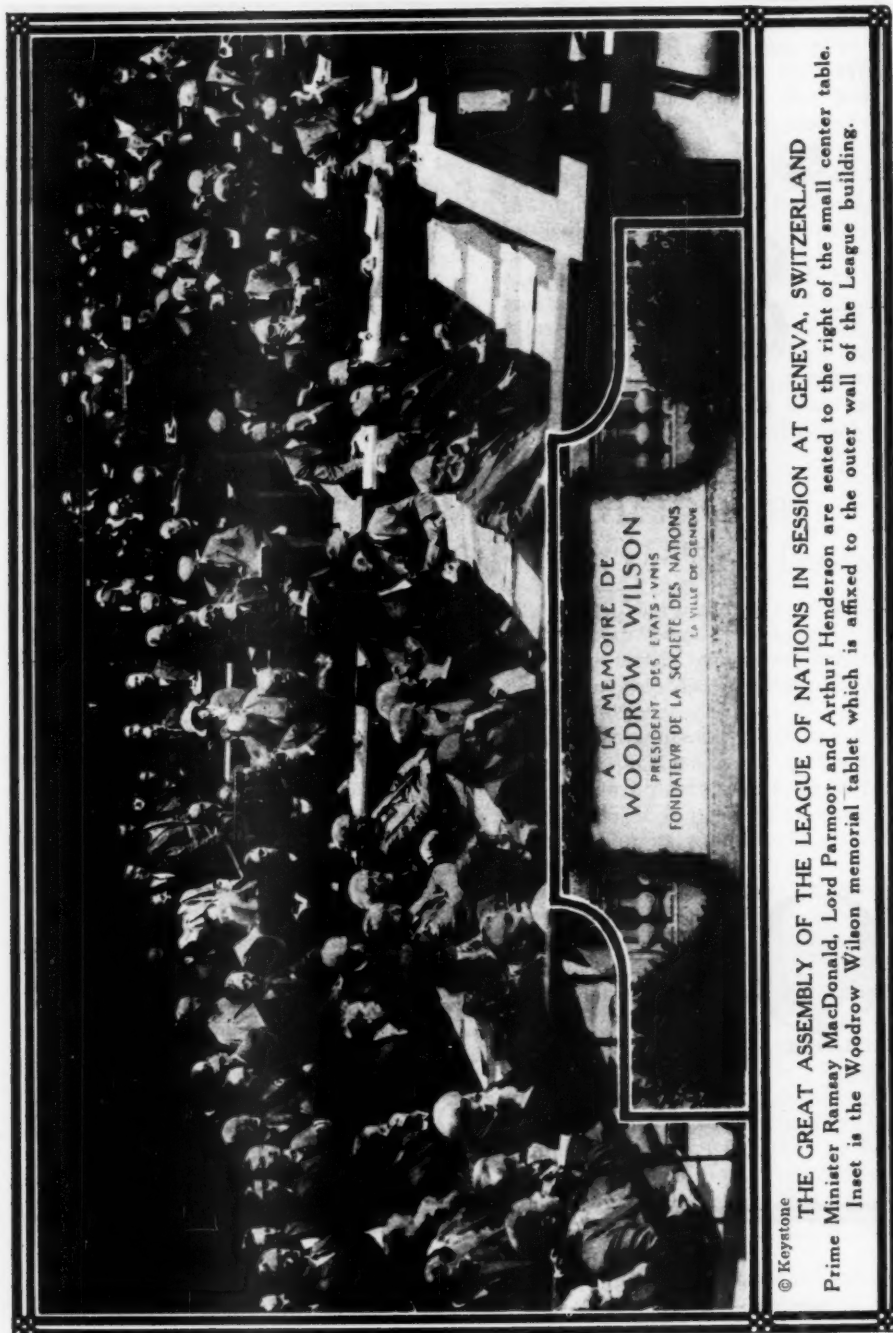
LA FOLLETTE

NOV 6th 1924

© Underwood

THE BIG QUESTION OF 1924

Who will be our thirtieth President? Coolidge? Davis? La Follette? One of them probably, but not certainly—if the election is thrown into Congress.



© Keystone

THE GREAT ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IN SESSION AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Parmoor and Arthur Henderson are seated to the right of the small center table.

Inset is the Woodrow Wilson memorial tablet which is affixed to the outer wall of the League building.

A LA MEMOIRE DE
WOODROW WILSON
PRESIDENT DES ETATS-UNIS
FONDATEUR DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DES NATIONS
LA VILLE DE GENEVE



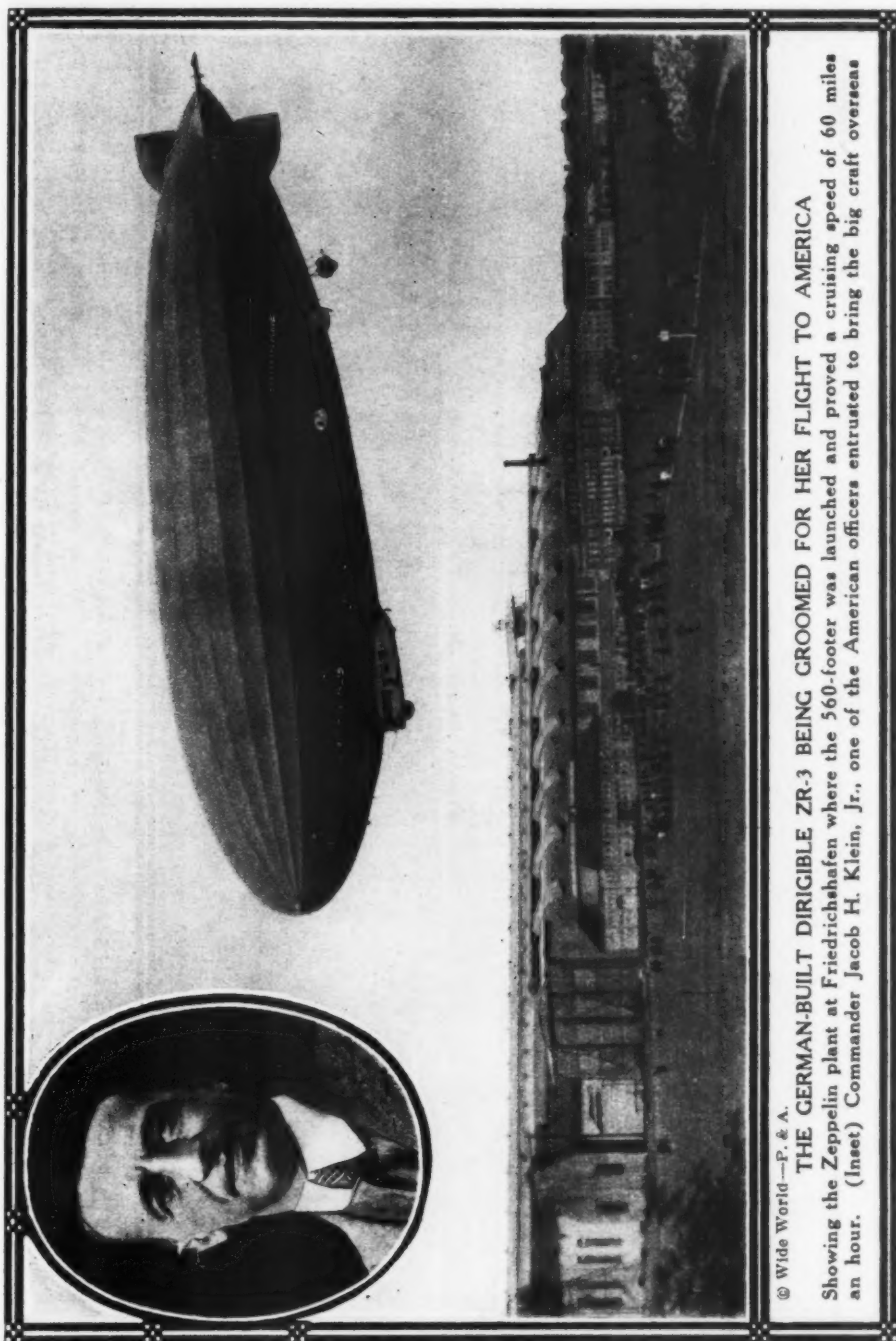
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WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES BECOMES A RANCHMAN

A fine view of the 4,160-acre ranch, in South Alberta, Canada, from which H. R. H. has just returned homeward-bound. It is primarily a stock farm.



© P. & A.
60,000 WERE FED AT THIS MISSOURI BARBECUE, ATTENDED AND ADDRESSED BY JOHN W. DAVIS
Dr. A. W. Nelson, Democratic nominee for Governor of Missouri, was the host at the gargantuan feast given on his farm,
in honor of Mr. Davis. Tons of beef, mutton and chicken were roasted to a barbecue turn, as illustrated.



© Wide World—F. & A.

THE GERMAN-BUILT DIRIGIBLE ZR-3 BEING GROOMED FOR HER FLIGHT TO AMERICA

Showing the Zeppelin plant at Friedrichshafen where the 560-footer was launched and proved a cruising speed of 60 miles an hour. (Inset) Commander Jacob H. Klein, Jr., one of the American officers entrusted to bring the big craft overseas



© Wide World

HERE, WHERE NOAH'S ARK GROUNDED, AN INTERNATIONAL PEACE PARK IS PROJECTED. The site, where tourists may yet park their fivvers, is at the foot of Mount Ararat, 17,055 feet above sea level, in Turkish Armenia, and negotiations with the Angora Government are reported to be in progress.



© Wide World

AN ALTITUDE RECORD IN PHOTOGRAPHY AT 28,000 FEET

Taken shortly before Mallory and Irvine met their fate. Showing Col. Norton making his last effort, with the top of Mt. Everest some 300 yards away.



© P. & A.

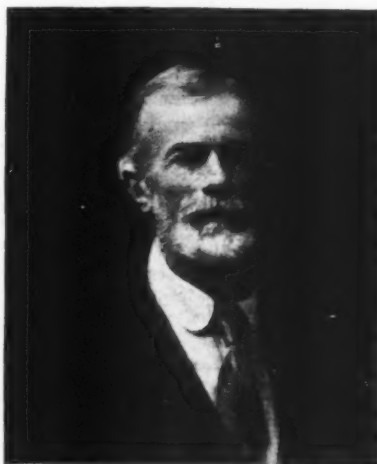
SHOOTS BEYOND THE HORIZON IN REHEARSING TO GUARD NEW YORK
One of the new 16-inch coast defense guns recently mounted at Fort Tilden, Long Island, photographed in the act of hurling a 2,400-pound projectile 34 miles out to sea.

Edward Carpenter at Eighty

A Poet Who Pioneered the English Labor Victory

THE eightieth birthday of Edward Carpenter has evoked some striking tributes, on both sides of the Atlantic, to a Socialist pioneer who has lived to see the Labor Party in England pass from the street-corner meeting to the seats of power, and who may claim, in a very real sense, to have voiced the deeper significance of that movement. To Americans he makes a special appeal, by reason of his admiration for Walt Whitman and the fact that he twice visited this country in order to see and talk with Whitman. He emerges from the present discussion, the *New York Nation* observes, "an important and a curiously interesting man—a writer mild yet powerful, a prophet serene yet destructive, a critic of modern society who is half lyric poet and half philosopher."

It is forty years since Carpenter, a Cambridge graduate who worked for a while with the Rev. Frederic Denison Maurice, published his "Towards Democracy," a book of free verse which has done for England something of what Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" has done for America. One of the best of his early essays was entitled "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure." Prose works of a later period include "Love's Coming of Age," which Richard Le Gallienne has characterized as something very like a modern classic, and such books as "The Intermediate Sex," "The Art of Creation" and "The Drama of Love and Death." In the nineties, as a writer in the *New Statesman* (London) reminds us, Carpenter was impossibly revolutionary, especially in relation to sex. For many years no London publisher would touch him. And yet when he came, in his reminiscences, to recall the reception given to his essays in the interpretation of sex, he pleasantly acknowledged that some time before the War they had come to have an old-fashioned Victorian air.



AN ADMIRER OF WHITMAN

Edward Carpenter early fell under the spell of Whitman, and came to this country twice to pay homage to the author of "Leaves of Grass."

The international influence of Edward Carpenter must be traced in part to his sincerity and to the fact that he has always practiced what he preached. Like Tolstoy, he went back to the land and insisted on doing manual labor. For a while his little Derbyshire farm was looked upon by devotees of the simple life as a kind of Mecca. He had been to India and was saturated in the lore of the East. He anticipated Bernard Shaw as a critic of modern science. There can be no doubt that his books, for all their slow and always limited appeal, have helped to undermine enduring traditions. At the present time, he rejoices in the power and growing influence of the English labor movement, and declares that the solution for the most pressing of modern problems—population—is not murder or war, but birth control.

The Lost Books of Livy

Great Excitement Caused by a Strange Report

A REPORT, early in September, that a young Italian professor, Dr. Mario di Martino-Fusco, had discovered in the Castel dell' Ovo, in Naples bay, a collection of ancient manuscripts which included "the lost books of Livy," unloosed a controversy that is without parallel in recent times. We know what public hysteria means in relation to crimes, exciting events or prominent persons. We can many of us recall the manifestations of crude sensationalism which attended the discovery of the North Pole a decade or

two ago. But who in this day and generation has heard of indignant crowds marching, of immense sums of money offered, of reporters flocking, of governments intervening—in connection with the *alleged* discovery of manuscripts more than a thousand years old?

The hubbub started when an announcement appeared on the wrapper of the Neapolitan learned review, the *Revista Indo-Greco-Italica*, that the missing books of Livy's history of Rome had been found by Dr. di Martino-Fusco. No one paid special attention

to this until a classical expert in the British Museum wrote to the *London Times* about it. The Naples press then took up the story, adding the detail (since denied by Di Martino) that a life of Christ, written about A. D. 58, had also been found.

The Director of the Neapolitan Library, Professor D'Elia, reported to the Italian Ministry of Education that he believed the story. The Ministry was so much impressed that it took steps necessary for the protection of the rights of the nation in the matter, and set a watch upon all the Italian ports of exit on the suspicion that Di Martino might be planning to remove the manuscripts secretly. The Colonel whose regiment was quartered in the island fortress in which, it was claimed, the discovery had been made, was inclined to confirm the story. He



AN ACTUAL PAGE OF LIVY

If Dr. Di Martino-Fusco had made the discovery with which he has been credited, his find would probably resemble the page of actual Livy reproduced above from "Paleographie des Classiques Latins," by M. Chatelain, Librarian of the Sorbonne, Paris. This page is thirteen hundred years old.

was backed by a priest, the Rev. Professor Bellucci, of the Naples Oratory, and by Dr. Max Funke, a German savant, who has published in the *Leipziger Tageblatt* a facsimile of four lines which he says that he actually copied from one of the new-found manuscripts.

In the meantime, Dr. di Martino-Fusco, according to newspaper accounts, had been so besieged by cables offering him vast sums for the originals of the manuscripts, and so worried by queries for particulars, that he was unable to sleep or eat, and had gone into hiding. A domiciliary search of his residence was ordered by the Government. His library was opened, his books were hauled down, his manuscripts turned over, and every corner was investigated by a squad of police who did not find anything. The Prefect of Naples instructed magistrates to issue a summons to the professor to appear for examination. It was at this point that a sympathetic crowd marched through the streets of the city to the tomb of Virgil, shouting "Viva Di Martino."

But the whole report, it now appears, was a hoax or something very similar. Di Martino himself is authority for the statement, finally wrung from him, that he has reached only a "starting-point" from which he hopes to proceed to the desired discoveries. "After hard studies and long searches," he wrote in a statement left with the Prefect, "I discovered a hitherto unknown document preserved in the public office revealing that an unnamed scribe had been directed to transcribe all Livy's books." He continued:

"This was the starting-point, and my painstaking efforts were enabling me to reach a concrete phase when a stir was raised both at home and abroad by which

LIBIMULTITUDOHOMI
NUMJNSPERATA OCCURRIT
audire gallum de famar
anior tuabus locuturo

IS THIS GENUINE?

The claim of a German savant, Dr. Max Funke, that he copied the above four lines out of an ancient Livy manuscript found near Naples by Dr. Di Martino-Fusco, has been met by A. E. Housman's statement, in the *London Times*, that they coincide with a passage in a manuscript of Sulpicius Severus dating from the ninth century.

I lost my peace of mind and the necessary tranquillity to keep on studying and perhaps the attainment of riches. I can't say more now."

All of which might be deemed but a shining example of human aberration and gullibility were it not for the fact that it has led to serious discussion of Livy, of Roman history and of ancient manuscripts throughout the world. The importance of Livy is dwelt on at length in an article in the *London Daily Telegraph*, which reads in part:

"There is no need to tell students of Roman history what such a discovery as that now claimed would mean, but others may be reminded that Titus Livius of Padua was born in 60 B. C. and died in 17 A. D. That is to say, his life covered the most enthralling period of Roman history, the closing days of the republic and the whole reign of Augustus, who died in 14 A. D. Livy devoted forty years of his life to writing the history of Rome from the earliest days down to the events of the first twenty years of Augustus's reign, and he completed his design in 142 books, of which only thirty-five are now extant, viz., Books I to X and Books XXI-XLV, the last bringing the story down to 167 B. C. Only brief and meagre epitomes of the missing books survive, and these do little more than underline the magnitude of the loss."

A Literary Ishmael

Rimbaud Again a Storm-Center of Critical Dispute

ECCENTRICITY and genius were probably never more disastrously mingled than in Arthur Rimbaud, French symbolist poet and moral *révolté*, whose name again comes to the fore in a biography by Edgell Rickword (Knopf), the first book-length account in English of this astonishing prodigy.

Born in a little village in the North of France, in 1854, the son of an army officer, Rimbaud soon began to chafe under the restraint of bourgeois respectability. Rebelling against family discipline, and feeling that he had learned all that a public school could offer, the young iconoclast fled to Paris in 1871, intending to join the Communards. Fortunately for him, no uniform could be found for the lad, and he thus escaped being shot by the troops at Versailles.

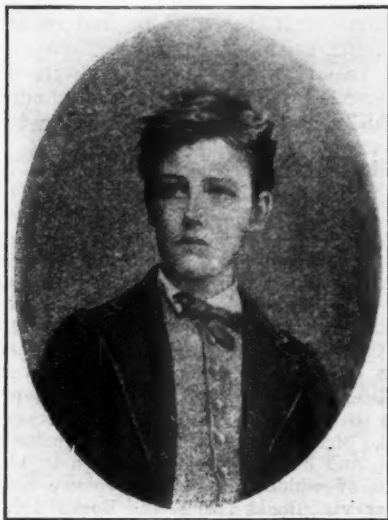
Followed a period of vagabondage in

Belgium and France; and later his introduction to Paris literary circles by Paul Verlaine, whose friendship resulted in a shooting affray and a prison term for the elder poet. This climax to a romantic, if somewhat anomalous, attachment also marked the beginning of the end of Rimbaud's career as an artist. He had crowded into a few short years an intensity of living which had gone from a glorification of the senses, through the hallucinations of hashish and absinthe, the mystical association of sound with color, to a revulsion of spirit which culminated in a denegation of friends and poetry.

No less romantic, in its way, and certainly no less tragic, is the record of Arthur Rimbaud's remaining years. In 1891, after amassing a fortune of 43,000 francs as an engineer and merchant in Egypt and Abyssinia, he was ready to return to civilization. He was a reconstructed man. He hoped to marry. But on the eve of his departure he suffered an injury to his leg which developed into cancer and necessitated amputation.

Long drawn out and terrible was the agony through which Rimbaud then passed, under the ministrations of his sister in France. It was to relieve her anxiety that he accepted on his death bed the authority of the Catholic Church, dying at the age of thirty-nine.

Just what Rimbaud's erratic genius stands for in literature is still being debated. As an idol-breaker, Rimbaud has been recognized and remembered; but as a poet he is harder to explain. His writings, few as they are, have taken a definite place in the chronicles of the Decadents. Such a record as Mr. Rickword's is of value because Rimbaud's poems and prose were always a direct transcription of a state of mind. He did not, after his first verses, write a line of impersonal literature; his poetry was his life.



MORE PRECOCIOUS THAN KEATS

Arthur Rimbaud, whose reputation rests on poems and prose written before the age of nineteen.



From her newspaper bundle Linda took a steel kitchen knife and laid it on Hoffmann's desk. "I killed old George," she said. "Better arrest me, I reckon."

The Man Who Loved Hate

The Story of the Strangest Harvest Ever Reaped
in the Five Sleep Country

By WALLACE SMITH

Illustrated by Sidney H. Rosenberg

IN the spring of the year Linda Crenshaw rode into the county seat from the Crenshaw ranch, twenty miles back in the Five Sleep country. The Crenshaws kept pretty much to themselves, and so none of the people of the town were surprised at the absent way in which she replied to their greetings. She took her horse to the town corral and walked back to the New Antlers House. Half an hour later, when she came out of the hotel, she had changed her half-male attire of the saddle for a blue polka-dot dress

and a hat with black cherries on it. She carried a package wrapped in newspapers. Later they remembered that her manner was that of a sleep-walker.

She found her way to the office of Sheriff Hoffman, who at the time was over at the post office. She waited until the sheriff came back, sitting in one of those wide-bottomed chairs universal in the offices of law enforcers.

"Hello, Linda Crenshaw," cried Hoffman. "It sure is good to see you again. And how's old George?"

Linda unwrapped the newspaper bundle. From it she took a steel kitchen knife and laid it on Hoffman's desk.

"I killed old George," she said. "Better arrest me, I reckon. I did it last October. I just couldn't stand it any longer."

An undersheriff rode back to the Crenshaw ranch, huddled deep in a shadowy cañon. He found old George's body buried under a gnarled, black apple tree, the blossoms of which were a blushing, empty promise of fruit. He found other things. A shining saddle, studded with silver nails to make the initials "T. M." on a rail in the bunk-house, and three empty shells that would fit a thirty-thirty carbine.

FOLKS of the Five Sleep country recalled many incidents that had been dismissed and forgotten in the wide range of George Crenshaw's eccentricity. Linda Crenshaw, when she went into court, told a good deal that Five Sleep folks had guessed, and much more that they hadn't.

George Crenshaw would have been sixty in the spring of the year when Linda rode into the county seat. He was as tough and as gnarly as the black trunk of the apple tree under which he was to be buried. He smiled with half his mouth and said rankling words with the amused chuckle of a malicious old man—words about things that people cherished. Old George was not popular in the Five Sleep country, but there remained an ancient vision of him that demanded respect.

Crenshaw was one of the builders of the state, one of the builders who made the construction profitable to himself.

Long before the railroad had been thrust across the desert—he took part in that too, but with a plump contract instead of a pick—Crenshaw had marched with the pioneers. He had become a back-room dictator of politics and in the state capital he was known as a man of Borgian gestures—unpitying, relentless, and always a little amused.

George Crenshaw was a wild one, even in his later days in the capital. His clothes, in that country, were miracles of fashion—neat and rather gaudy.

His drinking was the same way. And there were noisy scandals in his big house on the hill, embarrassingly near the governor's own mansion.

Then Crenshaw came to the Five Sleep country. This never was explained. Except that once, when he drove his buckboard into town for provisions,

he told Sheriff Hoffman, whom he had known in the capital, that he was weary of looking at people's faces. That didn't explain why he brought Linda Crenshaw to Five Sleep with him—or why she came.

"I was very young," she said in court, "and I had always lived in the city and I had always wanted to live where there were trees and hills and a little stream."

HER voice was calm enough when she said it, but she closed her eyes and two tears seeped under the lids and rolled down her cheeks. They were the only tears she shed during the trial.

She was thirty then. It was six years before that old George had brought her to the Five Sleep country. There were hills, magic hills that gathered pools of lavender in their cool cañons,

OLD GEORGE CRENSHAW, in this story, was such a dead shot with his .30-.30 carbine that he never took more than three cartridges with him when he went hunting. Wallace Smith, the author of the tale, seems to us to possess the same powers of marksmanship, in the field of fiction. He uses less than twenty-five hundred words in telling this "great little" story, which we reprint from Collier's, and every word counts. Clever as were his "sketches out of the dust of Mexico," which Putnam's published in book form last year under the title, "The Little Tigress," this new story marks a distinct advance on the part of the author in the development of his art.



A SHOT SOUNDED—OLD GEORGE'S LAST CARTRIDGE

while the sun, going down, still lacquered their peaks with gold, and friendly, veteran trees and a stream that laughed with its own mischief.

The ranch-house was comfortable enough. Old George even tapped a spring and piped fresh water into the kitchen. He sent for a phonograph, too, and she played the six records over and over until they were worn flat. One day, when he came back from a long hunt, and found her playing a piece—it was a selection from "Pinafore"—he chuckled in that rankling way. The next morning, when she tried to play the scratchy records, she discovered that the machine wouldn't run. He did a lot of things like that, she told the jurymen.

The folks of the Five Sleep country had shaken their heads many times over old George's ranch. Every spring he plowed the stony tilting fields and even hired men to help with the task. But the fields were never reaped.

"In the fall," Linda Crenshaw told the amazed jury of farmers, "he would go to the top of a hill and look over the fields of ripe grain—and laugh. He was always in better humor those nights."

CRENSHAW'S cattle were likewise treated. They roamed without care and might turn up anywhere. Once it amused him to run a blooded bull from a neighboring ranch. This had long been gossip in the Five Sleep country—gossip that seemed corroborated by the marks of yearlings among Crenshaw's vagrant herds. But nobody would believe it, until Linda Crenshaw told it under oath, because it did not seem possible for a man to go to such effort to improve cattle that were set adrift.

About the only thing that seemed to interest old George was hunting deer. He was a dead shot. He had been a professional hunter in the early railroad days. And, close to sixty, he boasted that he always brought meat back to camp. He hunted with an old model thirty-thirty carbine. It had a

wobbly sight, which he repaired from time to time with a hammer and a file. He scorned the dressy ways of city hunters. It delighted him to take the trail in an old smoking-jacket, moccasins on his feet and a cocky velour fedora on his gray head. In the pocket of the smoking-jacket he carried three cartridges.

"If I can't get meat with three shells, I'll do without meat," he used to boast. And, "I never shoot more meat than we can use on the ranch."

He always chuckled over that, she said, because practically all he ate of the deer was the liver. His teeth had been bad for years.

IT was at planting time that Texas Marshall rode through the Five Sleep country, stopped at the Crenshaw ranch, and struck a bargain with old George. Marshall was young, with a smile in his eyes and a swing to his lean back. He ate dinner that was put on the table by Linda, and after dinner asked Crenshaw about work. Old George had been leaning back in his chair, eyeing the black-haired guest. He looked at his young wife too. And he refused to employ Marshall. But, as Marshall was saddling his mount, the old man chuckled and changed his mind. Marshall shook hands with him, took off the big saddle with "T. M." marked in silver studs, and next morning went to work with the plow.

"We have funny harvets at this ranch," old George told him.

It was odd that Linda Crenshaw should remember what George had told Marshall. Marshall had repeated it to her a long time afterward. He had remembered, too. Something in the way old George had said it—that nasty, rankling way he had of saying words. But she remembered. . . .

"I reckon I was lonesome," she said, when she told of her love for Marshall. "And we were young—he was even younger than me. I loved him. I wanted to tell old George about it—but Tex wouldn't let me. He left Tex and me together a lot. He'd go

hunting back in the hills. He could see the ranch from Pilgrim Peak. I never thought of that when I would go from the cabin to the bunk-house where Tex lived. I was happy. I was frightened—but I was happy."

She gave Texas Marshall a ring to wear on a rawhide thong around his neck.

It was an old-fashioned little ring, with a sapphire set in it, that her mother had given her on a birthday when she was a girl. And, during the day, when Marshall was in the fields or hunting in the hills, she would think of the ring that hung against his chest. Where her head had rested and would rest again when he came back.

Marshall remained at the ranch all summer. Usually the hired hands quit right after planting time. At the end of August old George had surprised her.

"It's harvest time," he said at breakfast one day. "This year we'll have a harvest."

TEX MARSHALL saddled early and rode into the hills to look for some sign of old George's favorite horse. She remembered the details perfectly, because old George was going to hunt deer, and Marshall was to come back as early as he could. He had asked her to wear a pinkish kind of dress which he liked.

Old George chuckled as he fooled around the house. He hammered at the sight of his carbine and chuckled again as he put three cartridges into the pocket of his smoking-jacket.

She sang little songs as she cleared the dishes and swept the ranch-house floor. Even old George had trouble finding fault with her housekeeping. She baked pies, and early in the afternoon put on the pinkish dress to await Marshall. After a while she went on to the porch to scan the east trail, down which he had promised to return. She remembered watching a hawk tracing lazy loops against the sky.

Far across the hushed, sunshiny distance a shot sounded, then a pause, and two more—old George's three cartridges. She wished Marshall would

hurry. Old George would have his deer packed to the ranch before sundown.

The lawyer halted the testimony to have her strike her hands together to give the jurymen a true notion of how the shots were timed. She did it coolly. Once, and then, after a pause, two more, closely together.

She waited on the porch in her pink dress. Finally a rider emerged from the green screen of the east trail. It was old George. There were tears of disappointment in her eyes as she turned into the house to hurry with supper. She was so disappointed that she had not noticed that old George had brought no meat back with him.

He was smiling with half his mouth when he came in. It was twilight in the cañon, although the hills were crested with gold and vermilion. She sensed his high humor, the sort that he brought back after he had laughed at the fields of rotting grain.

"All dressed up for your husband?" he chuckled. "You're pretty as a picture."

He sat by the table. The lantern carved sinister, smiling lines into his shrewd old face. He took three empty shells from his pockets and ranged them neatly on the table.

"Three shells," he said, mournfully, "and no meat. I'm getting old, I reckon. Eh, Honey? You think I'm getting old?"

He chuckled again—a malicious old man's chuckle.

"I saw Marshall on the east trail," he said. "He's not going to work here any more. He's gone away."

She turned from the range so sharply that she upset a pan. She stooped to pick it up and faced old George with it in her hands. She saw his eyes on her. Cruel, smiling lines cracked their corners. He reached into the other pocket of his old smoking-jacket.

"Does this belong to you?" he asked.

Beside the three shells he tossed the old-fashioned little ring. The sapphire made a tiny gleam. The rawhide thong curled stiffly, like a little black snake in the light of the lamp.

"CONSCIENCE"

A New Play, by a New Playwright, Reveals a New Star

By DON MULLALLY

WHAT EVER differences of opinion are expressed regarding "a new play" entitled "Conscience," produced by A. H. Woods, and written by Don Mullally, the metropolitan critics are unanimous in applauding the histrionic work of Lillian Foster in creating the rôle of Madeline and in forecasting for her a starry future. We are inclined to take exceptions to many of the exceptions that are taken by the critics to the play itself, in favor of Miss Foster. Granting that her

acting is superlative and is very ably seconded by Ray B. Collins, in the exacting rôle of Jeff Stewart, we find highlights in this play that promise as bright a future for the author as for the actors. As Gilbert W. Gabriel observes, in the *New York Telegram and Mail*, "no sportive dalliance with a knowing muse begat this play, but a scrawny, bruising tussle with old Dame Earth herself in the very middle of the road that runs from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Contrary to Frank Vreeland, of the *Herald-Tribune*, who saw nor heard anything electrifying in Miss Foster's



AT LAST HE LANDS A PLAY ON BROADWAY

Don Mullally, after trying for years to get one of his plays produced, achieves a success, with "Conscience," in which Lillian Foster does notable acting.

performance, we are sufficiently bromidic to echo the statement that "she lived her part, and whenever she went out a door one had a persuasion that she still maintained the same personality in the wings. That is as near to an authentic portrait as one can expect in one theatrical season." To Alan Dale, of the *Hearst press*, "her moods, her badinage, her anger, her tears, her coquetry, her indignation — all she did, gave one the sensation of watching an artist of pellucid beauty. Nothing

much to look at—small, with a black head of conventional bobbed hair, young, beady-eyed, figureless, but the 'spark' of what is so seldom art was instantly recognized by a startled audience." The dramatic early-riser of the *Morning Telegraph* reports that "no such meteor has crossed the theatrical sky in many a night."

The play sets forth the sordid tragedy of a lumberjack in the American Northwest who loves and weds a little waitress, only to leave her when a dire emergency—a labor-union strike, instigated and led by himself—forces his hand, drives him away in search of

work elsewhere, and whose love for her pulls him back to find that he has lost her to a gay life, and thereupon strangles her for the good of her immortal soul.

The curtain rises on Jeff Stewart cabined in the Yukon on a winter evening. Two years have passed since he murdered his girl-wife and the memory of it is a ghost that will not be laid. Present with Jeff in the cabin is only a caged magpie, named Gompers, which heeds his long, incoherent, conscience-stricken soliloquy much in the manner of Poe's Raven. As a sample of the murderer's state of mind:

JEFF. You don't think I'm in a cage; but I am. I'm worse off than you are because you're inside o' your cage, and my cage is inside o' me. When I turn you loose in the Spring, you'll fly away and leave your prison behind; when I turn myself loose, I'll fly away, and take my prison with me. Hell of a mess, huh? (*Sullenly.*) Well, I'm a prisoner in my own prison, not a dam bourgeois jug. . . . Let's see what was I sayin'? Oh yes, about man bein' a gregarious animal—has to have other men around him or he goes crazy; his nature demands companionship of his kind. Man must associate with man; and it's too bad; for man ain't fit to associate with. (*Pauses, and looks speculatively at the magpie.*) Do you follow me? No you don't, you dinky little bourgeois, with your white shirt front and your long tail coat—(*Surprised*) Say, I never thought of it before, but you're in evenin' dress. You son-of-a-gun—soup and fish. Here I am, tryin' to make a Wobble out of a Rotarian. (*The Magpie echoes his laugh-*

ter.) Yes sir; if you had a high hat, you'd be makin' speeches to the Boy Scouts.

Apparitions of his dead wife, Madeline, and of his one-time fellow Unionist Doc. Saunders (Robert Robson) hover now and then in the shadows of the cabin. Jeff goes on soliloquizing on the mess in which mankind, as he conceives, is floundering:

JEFF. Marriage, the last surviving institution of barbarism. Two people of wholly different temperament, different ideals and aspirations meet, they feel the urge of—a necessary phenomenon of the physical universe; and what happens? They get married. At first their different view-points make them interesting to each other; gives them something to talk about. But after a while each one tries to convince the other that their view-point is the right one. Then the fur flies; and after that you have two perfectly nice humans, torturing each other, and themselves, tryin' to figure out whether they hate each other enough to quit, or love each other enough to stick. (*He squats in front of the fire, putting fuel on it.*) I know I hated her, Gompers; I know I do

hate her; and by God I'm sick for her. She was silly, cruel, selfish, ignorant. (*His tone suddenly softens.*) And there was something about her that was quaint, and sweet—(*Presses his hands to his eyes, still squatting in front of the fire.*) God how lovely she could be.

Coming to what is entitled an interlude, but which is the first of the two acts that "make" the play, is disclosed Jeff's home at Anacortes, Wash., two years earlier, and

DON MULLALLY, whose play we feature this month, is a native of St. Louis, Mo., and for some years has been in vaudeville. In 1918 he wrote his first play, but failed to find a producer for it. Three years of continuous effort left him with a number of completed plays, but no producer. In 1921 he met Roy Walling, an actor he had known in the West, who asked to be permitted to try to dispose of them. The two entered into partnership and, after various disappointments, decided to produce one of Mullally's plays themselves. They lacked sufficient funds for the undertaking and Walling approached the Cherry Lane Theater management in New York, who offered to cooperate in the production of "Conscience." A few days before the advertised opening Walling met A. H. Woods and invited the manager to attend a rehearsal of "Conscience." Woods did so, and at the end of the rehearsal bought the play, canceled the Cherry Lane première and produced it himself at the Belmont Theater three weeks later.

a few months subsequent to his marriage to Madeline. The strike that has thrown Jeff out of work has reached an acute stage. Surreptitious overtures have been made to Jeff, through Madeline, to go back to work, but he is resolved to look for employment elsewhere—in Butte, Montana—rather than betray his associates, and has acquainted Madeline with his resolution. There is a scene:

MADELINE. I don't want to go away off where I don't know anybody. Here I at least got Pa, if anything happens; but if you was to get into trouble somewhere else—

JEFF. Don't you know this big rough-neck of yours isn't going to let you want for anything? No matter where he is?

MADELINE. That's all right to say—talk.

JEFF. You know better than that.

MADELINE. Well gee—then why can't you stay here?

JEFF. Honey, haven't I tried? There isn't anything for me here.

MADELINE. Oh, dam all this crazy strike business.

JEFF. It'll only be for a little while.

MADELINE. (*Shakes her head.*) I wouldn't mind if it was just Bellingham or some place close like that.

JEFF. What could I do in Bellingham? The fellas that went up there didn't get anything. Even down in Seattle, the company spotters are checkin' the crews before they ship them.

MADELINE. I could get Pa to call up Loucks for you, or go to see him.

JEFF. That wouldn't do any good, honey.

MADELINE. Well, Loucks has known Pa for so long.

JEFF. Listen, sweetheart; if Loucks wanted to put me to work, he couldn't; the Association wouldn't let him.

MADELINE. I don't see why. Pretty near everybody else has got back.

JEFF. I've told you why, honey. The fellas that organized the strike are the ones they are after—

MADELINE. I told you that's the way it would be; but you was so darn smart, you and that old fool of a Doc.

JEFF. Doc didn't have anything to do with it.

MADELINE. (*Almost in tears.*) Oh, no—he only set up here all night gassin';

tellin' people their grandfathers was monkees, an' sayin' God was a big fat Bushwa in a nightshirt.

He tries in vain to make her see things as he does. Finally she pleads with him to listen without interrupting.

JEFF. Sure Mike.

MADELINE. That's what you say, but will you?

JEFF. Yep.

MADELINE. All right. Now don't start to argue with me, because you get me all twisted up, and I forget what I started to say.

JEFF. All right, skeesix, you've got the floor.

MADELINE. Well, then; you and Doc, and all that bunch keep talkin' all the time about people not havin' a chance, an' gettin' the worst of it. But they don't get the worst of it.

JEFF. No?

MADELINE. No. Look at us; we ain't been married a year yet. You was a lumberjack an' I was a waitress, neither one of us had much; you had a few hundred dollars saved up; not very much.

JEFF. Seven hundred dollars.

MADELINE. Well, that wasn't much, was it?

JEFF. No, when you consider that I been workin' pretty regular since I was twelve years old; it wasn't a hell of a lot.

MADELINE. I mean it wasn't much to begin with.

JEFF. Oh, I see; that was just a beginning?

MADELINE. For us it was. Well you had seven hundred dollars, and I didn't even have one hundred; but we got married. That wasn't a year ago, and now we got all this swell furniture—

JEFF. That ain't paid for yet.

MADELINE. But it will be paid for, some time.

JEFF. Yeah, about the time it's worn out; then we can start payin' for some more.

MADELINE. You mean bein' married will keep you broke, huh?

JEFF. Bein' married's got nothing to do with it. I wasn't rollin' in money when I was single. That's not the point. What I—

MADELINE. You said you wouldn't start to argue.

JEFF. Go ahead, I won't butt in again.

MADELINE. What I started to say, was this: we was beginnin' to get on our feet; in a little while we would of had things all paid for. When I walked in here and looked around, and knew all this belonged to me, I was happier than I ever was in my life before; except once. (*She hesitates and continues timidly.*) That first time I came to see you, when you grabbed me, and said you loved me.

JEFF. Did it make you happy to have this big bohunk say he loved you?

MADELINE. Yep. You could of done anything with me that day. An' when you treated me so nice, I thought you was wonderful.

JEFF. (*Mischievously.*) You still think I'm pretty nice, don't you?

MADELINE. And now we got everything so lovely, I just can't think of givin' it all up.

JEFF. It ain't a question of givin' it up, dear. The question is, can we help ourselves? And the answer is, we can't.

MADELINE. Well, I think if you would go to Loucks, and tell him you was out of the Union now, and say you wouldn't make any more trouble—

JEFF. But I'm not out of the Union.

MADELINE. Well, you could get out easy enough, couldn't you?

JEFF. Yeah, I might even get a better job by tellin' him who still belongs.

MADELINE. You wouldn't have to do that.

JEFF. No? Well, that's the proposition they made me.

MADELINE. When?

JEFF. A couple of weeks ago.

MADELINE. And what did you say?

JEFF. (*Hotly.*) I said, I'd see him in hell with his back broke first.

MADELINE. But Jeff—

JEFF. But nothin'.

MADELINE. What harm would it do?

JEFF. Oh, no harm at all; just throw forty or fifty men out of work, most of them with families, that's all; but, of course, a fellow shouldn't let a little thing like that stand in the way when his own comfort is at stake.

MADELINE. (*Flares.*) No he shouldn't. You're outa work; nobody thinks about you; you got to go to Butte to look for another job. Why couldn't they do the same thing?

He is obdurate, however, and finally obtains her half-hearted approval of

his plan to look for work elsewhere. He pets her and asks her to kiss him.

MADELINE. (*Still struggling with sobs, kisses him.*) I was just thinkin' of us; if I didn't love you— (*Gasps*) I wouldn't give a darn.

JEFF. I know you wouldn't, baby; the old man gets pretty hard-boiled sometimes.

MADELINE. You never get mad at that old Doc Saunders; an' he says worse things than I do. He can call you a simp, an' say if your brains was as well developed as your feet, you'd be all right—

JEFF. (*As though he were talking to a child.*) He's a hard old customer; but we won't worry any more about him, will we? I tell you, let's plan our new home in Butte, like we planned this one. I'll be up there three or four weeks, and then I'll send for you; and we'll have our honeymoon all over again.

The doorbell rings, and a girl friend, May Fallow (Rosemary King) enters and informs Madeline that she has quit her job as waitress at the local "hash house" and is going to the neighboring town of Bellingham to work in "one of the big grills." She assumes a superior air, saying that instead of getting married she'd rather be her "own boss, and get to see some of the bigger towns."

MADELINE. Uh, hu. Well, Bellingham won't be so bad to start with. We are going to Butte; o' course that's a much bigger place than any of the towns around here, except Seattle. (*Jeff is enjoying this exchange.*)

MAY. (*Awed in her turn.*) You are goin' to Butte?

MADELINE. Yep; Jeff wanted us to go to Frisco, but I said Butte would be best. Didn't I, dear?

JEFF. Hm'm—

MADELINE. I says, "We can go to Frisco any time, and I'd like to see the other places too."

MAY. (*Completely overwhelmed.*) Say, I'd like to go to Butte. Maybe you could look around, and land me a job there.

MADELINE. (*Condescendingly.*) Well, o' course when Jeff gets acquainted around all the big restaurants, an' all, I don't know—

MAY. When are you going?

MADELINE. Well, Jeff's goin' pretty

soon, but I'm goin' to stay here for a couple o' weeks, on account o' Pa.

At the conclusion of this act Jeff and his friend Saunders, who has entered and had a private word with Jeff, take their leave of Madeline, in order to catch a freight train on which there is a chance for them to "beat" their way to Butte.

The time of the second act is one morning six months later. The scene is the same. But it develops that Madeline and May have succumbed to temptation and are leading a gay life. In fact, they are preparing to go to Seattle in company with one Claude (Leonard Doyle) who has spent the night in the Stewart home. The doorbell rings. Madeline exits to her bedroom, asking May to open the door. Jeff Stewart enters, sees a man's hat and overcoat on the sofa, and asks May to call Madeline. The latter appears in the bedroom doorway.

MADELINE. What—what do you want?

JEFF. I don't know—I guess I want to talk to you. Your Daddy wrote to me.

MADELINE. If Pa's been lyin' about me—

JEFF. No, he didn't lie about you.

MADELINE. Well, I don't know what he said, but—*(She comes into the room, and tries to draw the bedroom door shut after her.)*

JEFF. You needn't shut the door; your friend don't have to sneak off without his coat and hat. If I'd wanted to kill him I'd o' done it last night.

MADELINE. Last night?

JEFF. Yeah; I was out there on the porch for nearly an hour; but you was makin' so much noise, you didn't hear me.

MADELINE. *(Stands looking at him for a minute, then drops her eyes.)* I—I'm sorry—

JEFF. So am I. You'd better put on some clothes before you catch cold.

MADELINE. *(Draws her kimono more tightly about her.)* I ain't cold. Well, what are you goin' to do?

JEFF. I don't know. Last night I thought I would just go 'way, and not let you know I'd been here. If there had o' been a train right away I guess that's what I would o' done. . . . But while I was walkin' around waitin' I thought

maybe I better have a talk with you.

MADELINE. I wrote to you all there was to say.

JEFF. I know, but I thought maybe you didn't understand just how I was fixed. So I wrote to your Daddy.

MADELINE. *(Hotly.)* And he's got his nerve, writin' things about me.

JEFF. He didn't say anything, only he thought I ought to come on.

Explanations are made on both sides. Jeff informs Madeline that the reason she hadn't heard from him for five weeks after he'd left home was that he and Doc Saunders had been jailed for vagrancy.

JEFF. As soon as we got out we went on to Butte, and I sent for you as soon as I could.

MADELINE. *(Turns facing him.)* That wasn't soon enough—it's too late.

JEFF. Is it too late, baby?

MADELINE. *(Angrily.)* Don't call me that. You always treated me like I was about two years old. I ain't a baby, I'm a woman. You never treated me like I had good sense, even. When I tried to talk to you, you would laugh at me, an' tell me stories, like I was a kid.

JEFF. *(Unhappily.)* It wasn't because I didn't want to talk to you; but—maybe you did seem kinda like a baby to me.

MADELINE. You could talk alright to Saunders, or some of your I. W. W. friends, but not me. And if I said anything they would laugh at me, and you would laugh with 'em. Maybe you think that's nice—to have your husband laugh at you in front o' people?

JEFF. Why, little fella—

MADELINE. You did—you did. I used to get so mad I could a' killed you.

JEFF. I didn't think you felt that way.

MADELINE. No, you didn't think about anything but strikes, and educatin' protarians. *(Bitterly.)* I tried to understand about them things, but if I would ask a question you would all give me the rass-berry.

There is more in the same vein—and the scene is acted with power and conviction. Jeff is at first inclined to go away from his wrecked home, but his love for Madeline inspires him to a desperate attempt at reconciliation. It is too late. She is resolved to live her own life in her own way.

JEFF. Then this is the finish?

MADLINE. Yep. Say, I got to put some things in my bag—*(She exits to her room, and presently re-enters with a traveling bag in one hand, a nightdress, kimono and lingerie over her arm. She places the bag on a table and starts stuffing things into it.)* I can talk while I finish packin'—

JEFF. Madeline, I don't believe you know what you are doin'.

MADLINE. Oh yes, I know what I'm doin' alright.

JEFF. But do you? You're lettin' yourself go like this because you think you done something wrong. God Almighty, girl, don't you see that things like this happen to people like us because we can't help ourselves? Don't you realize that the whole system of society is back of us; drivin' us; pushin' us against our will; shapin' us to its ends in spite of ourselves?

MADLINE. That's alright to talk about to Saunders. *(Picks up a bottle.)* Do you want a drink of this before I pack it?

JEFF. No.

MADLINE. *(Pours herself a drink, puts cork into bottle, and drops it into bag.)* Well, I guess I got everything.

JEFF. Listen, little fella; won't you try to understand that I done my best?

MADLINE. I do. I ain't blamin' you for anything. It's me; there had to be something rotten in me—

JEFF. No.

MADLINE. Yes. Let me tell you somethin'; I used to be stuck up if some girl went wrong; but all the time I'd be wonderin' if she had good times, because she could go places, and have nice clothes, an' all. And sometimes when I was blue I'd think that's what I would do. I guess the only reason I didn't was because I was afraid.

JEFF. Afraid?

MADLINE. Yes; I was afraid it would spoil my chances. I used to think, like pretty near every girl does, that I might get a chance to marry some rich fella. I loved you; but I wouldn't o' married you, if I could of got somebody with money. I wouldn't o' cared who he was, or what he was like. That's honest.

Presently Jeff takes her hand, as though to bid her good-by, but holds it more and more firmly as he remarks that "Life plays some queer jokes on us, don't it? I guess they wouldn't be so

bad if it wasn't for the illusions we start out with. If we just knew what to expect." He continues, with growing intensity and bitterness:

JEFF. Yeah, if we knew what to expect it would save us from barkin' our shins a lot. Of course some of our illusions we build for ourselves, but most of 'em are fed to us. . . .

He rambles on, and Madeline becomes frightened as his excitement increases, striving vainly to withdraw her hand. She is helpless.

JEFF. Wait a minute. I want to thank you for something you done for me; then I'll let you go. You've busted up the last illusion I owned. When the other one, the one about the harp, exploded, I didn't mind so much; I didn't want a harp anyway; so I just examined the twisted, broken thing, admitted it was a lie, and threw it into the trash heap, with the lies about, "It pays to be honest," and, "Hard work is the way to success," and all the other foul stuff they poison babies with, to make them grow up docile slaves. No, I could let go of those illusions easy enough, but this last one is one I made up for myself; and it meant a lot to me.

MADLINE. *(Gives a gasp of pain.)* Jeff, you're crushing my fingers.

JEFF. *(Takes hold of her wrist with his left hand, releasing hold with his right hand, facing her squarely.)* Sorry—I built this illusion myself. It was about women. I made myself believe they were fine, and good, and purer than men could ever be. I made them generous and tender. I made their love a sort of compensation for the accident of our being. That's the illusion I built for myself; that's the illusion you smashed; and I want to thank you. Now I can reach down inside myself, drag the bloody awful thing out into the light, and know it's a lie.

A few words more and, losing control of himself, he strangles her—and leaves the house. The epilogue is a continuation of the prologue, in the Yukon cabin. Jeff becomes more and more a victim of hallucinations and, in the end, has a vision of Madeline in the semblance of an angel. The cabin door is blown open and, as the angelic apparition beckons, Jeff follows it into the snowstorm, presumably to his death.

Film Drama Has "Infantile Paralysis"

Censorship, Declares W. C. de Mille, Is Keeping It a Minor Art

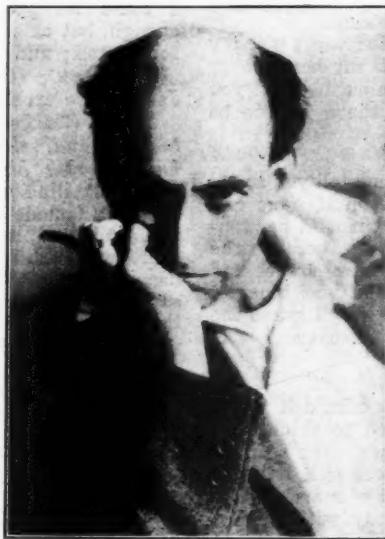
IT is time, in the unanimous opinion of motion-picture producers, for the American public to decide whether it will permit the film drama to develop as an adult art, or whether it must be forever bound by the limitations of the immature. For if censorship is kept in force the more thoughtful of the producers threaten to abandon a field in which, they complain, they are not allowed to talk to adult audiences. One of them, William C. de Mille, writing in *Scribner's*, and speaking for the fraternity, declares that "no artist who feels a desire to express the greater truths and values of human life will continue to accept supervision by the superficial, nor allow his best efforts to be turned into in-artistic monstrosities under a system which crowns mediocrity and reduces all thought to the safe, sane and conservative standards of those smug simpletons who believe that whatever is is right, and that, if it isn't, they alone are adequately prepared to prescribe new formulas of thought for the world."

It is complained that the public does not know what is going on behind the censored screens; does not know "the crimes which are committed in the name of censorship." We are

assured of it being a common practice to cut entire scenes from stories without supplying anything to fill the gap. Lines spoken by characters are asserted to be changed to words which express the censor's point of view and not the author's. Relationships of characters are changed by clumsy titling, it is charged, so that the laws of human nature may not conflict with those of Pennsylvania. As an instance:

"In their treatment of the recent production of 'Zaza,' the Pennsylvania censors gave the world a striking example of the gentle art of adapting literature to morons. In the original story the hero is a married man who becomes fascinated by Zaza, a concert-hall singer. But the censors of the Keystone State considered this far too dangerous a situation to be viewed by the husbands of Pennsylvania matrons. So, by rewriting the titles of the picture, they transformed the hero's wife into his sister, leaving him legally entitled to marry Zaza if he desired, and naively explained that 'the difference in social caste is quite enough obstacle between him and Zaza.'"

"Kipling's story, 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' was a severe shock when it appeared upon the screen. But the censors quickly made it safe for democracy by having the couple married in the first place. They did



HE HAS NO USE FOR CENSORS

William C. de Mille regards them not only as a nuisance but as a menace that threatens the artistic development of the film drama.

(Continued on Page 617)



LILLIAN FOSTER MAKES A STARRY NAME FOR HERSELF

Creating the rôle of Madeline, in "Conscience," she has taken both the critics and theatergoing public by storm—being actually compared to Mrs. Fiske.



JEFF STEWART (RAY B. COLLINS) TELLS MADELINE A FAIRY TALE
Incidentally it angers his girl-wife to be treated like a child, in "Conscience,"
and she asserts her womanhood disastrously.



MAY FALLOW TEMPTS MADELINE TO TAKE THE PRIMROSE PATH
An adventure, conceived as a skylark, in "Conscience" comes to a tragic ending in the strangling of Madeline by her husband, to "save her immortal soul."



IN "WHAT PRICE GLORY," THE NEW WAR PLAY, THE AIR FREQUENTLY IS BLUE WITH PROFANITY
Louis Wolheim (right), as Capt. Flagg, displays a fearsome command of language, seconded by Wm. Boyd (left) as Sergt
Quirk, and Clyde North (center) as Lieutenant of Marines.



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AN AMERICAN WOMAN-PAINTER IS HONORED IN PARIS

Louise Janin is shown here with her picture, "Dragon au-dessus Kwen Lun," recently purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg.



A METHODIST PIONEER COMMEMORATED IN WASHINGTON

This statue of Francis Asbury, first American Methodist bishop, has just been completed by Augustus Lukeman and unveiled on a site in Washington granted by Congress. The cost of the monument, \$65,000, was defrayed by voluntary subscriptions from Methodist churches.



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AMERICA GETS A NEW MASTERPIECE

"The Repose of the Holy Family," reproduced above, is one of the best-known works of the seventeenth-century French painter Nicolas Poussin. This picture was recently purchased by a New York dealer from the Duke of Westminster's collection for about \$30,000. It constitutes a notable addition to the classic paintings transferred, within recent months, from the Old to the New World.



**"THE PLAN OF ATTACK"—AN ITALIAN ARTIST'S PROTEST AGAINST
THE WAR SPIRIT**

Giovanni Costantini, veteran Italian painter, is represented here by one of the characteristic pictures of his later period. It seems that before the War his work was bright and colorful, but that, after the fighting began, he found himself unable to paint in the old way. The light seemed to go out of his life, he says; he could not get the War out of his mind; and, as he could not sit idle, he painted fifty-five canvases, some of immense proportions, all directed against the war spirit. When first exhibited in Rome, these pictures created a sensation. Gay crowds, strolling from room to room of the exhibition, became suddenly subdued before the accusing, reasoning, yet pitying canvases. Costantini's technique is unconventional. He is trying to convey, not bloody scenes, but searching thoughts. He would have us feel that war is a crime, a vice, a shame. The futility of it! The shame of it! "Heavy, big figures of men, mutely questioning women, children with staring eyes," Madame Rosika Schwimmer writes in the New York "Survey," "look down from the canvases with animal dumbness, victims all." One would need to go back to the Russian painter Vassily Verestchagin, Madame Schwimmer declares, to find a painter whose anti-militarism has taken so dramatic and appealing a shape.

not change the title of the picture, however, so the photodrama, as censored, reflects cynically upon any benefit of clergy to be derived from the marriage ceremony."

Pennsylvania censors decide not only what the author may say, but what he may talk about. They ban "themes and reference to race suicide," "embraces which would be contrary to propriety in ordinary life," and "subtitles relating to sex or other immorality." One of the fundamental rules of censorship seems to be that a man can mistreat any woman to whom he is married, but that he must use more discretion toward

other women. "The harassed movie artist is frequently at a loss to understand why scenes of violence, which are immoral when played between unmarried people, become moral when played between married folks."

Not long ago an Ohio censor decided that she was not going to allow audiences in her bailiwick to have "the kind of pictures they wanted," but would only permit them to view "the kind they ought to have." Furthermore, producers "may not even use the screen to tell the public of the evils of censorship."

How a "Great" Play Is Written

Co-authors of "What Price Glory" Review Its History

THERE are ever so many tales of successful plays that have gone their way in manuscript from office to office, through the years, with only their authors to cheer them on and to believe in their eventual triumph. And then, happily, there is the experience of "What Price Glory," which, less than six months after its conception, is an outstanding artistic and box-office success of this theatrical season, and by the critics is called "great."

It began in the editorial rooms of a New York newspaper on which Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, authors of the play, are editorial writers. Stallings, who was a captain in the Marine Corps overseas, was given to reminiscing about his war-time experiences in France, and Anderson was an interested listener. Incidentally, as a novelist and playwright, the latter was alert for dramatic material and he ventured the opinion that in the anecdotes Stallings was telling lay the theme for a play. Stallings, too, had for some time been of the opinion that the marines could provide good stage material, but at the moment he was nursing the idea of exploiting them in a musical comedy, with the leatherneck occupation in Haiti as a milieu. Anderson re-

mained unconvinced and clung to the idea that there was dramatic material way beyond the requirements of musical comedy in the doings of the Devil Dogs, as they were quaintly characterized. Then, says the *New York Times*:

"One day, Anderson appeared with the manuscript of a war play. It was, in structure, much like the first and third acts of the present 'What Price Glory,' and it contained the theme of the play as it is now—the struggle between the captain and the top sergeant of a marine company for the affections of a girl of the country. The second act, in Anderson's version, was, however, vague and colorless, as might well be expected of a realistic dugout scene written by a man whose wife and children barred him even from the draft.

"With the Anderson version before him, Stallings went energetically to work. There was a good deal that was wrong with Anderson's color and attempts at atmosphere, and these were corrected. Marines talk only like marines, and Stallings took much of the Anderson dialogue and converted it into useful and vital talk. The dugout, in his hands, began to resemble a real dugout and the people in it emerged as startling true counterfeits of the frightened and brave and lofty and shal-low and stalwart and maimed boys and men who really lived in it.



HIS PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN MANY A SWORD

Maxwell Anderson did not get into the War, but he has managed to inject the spirit of trench life, such as was lived by the Marines of the A. E. F., into the much-discussed war play, "What Price Glory."



HE LAYS DOWN THE SWORD IN THE PEN'S FAVOR

Laurence Stallings, who collaborated with Maxwell Anderson in writing "What Price Glory" was a captain in the Marine Corps and saw some of the rough service on the fighting front that's described in this play.

"The whole piece was written, by both Stallings and Anderson, in a high fever of enthusiasm. Little time was spent in rationalizing episodes and perfecting character—and it is clear now that time so spent would have been time spent in taking away from the play its real strength and truth.

"On the evening of the day that the play, properly typewritten, was returned by the typist, Stallings encountered Alexander Woollcott, dramatic critic, in the Hotel Brevoort. Over the coffee cups, Stallings told Woollcott that he and Anderson had just finished a play that, he thought, had rôles for Lionel Barrymore and J. M. Kerrigan and that he was wondering how to get it to the attention of Barrymore or Hopkins, his manager. At this moment—life is like that—Arthur Hopkins entered the room.

"I have a play I'd like to have you read," said Stallings.

"Send it to me," said Hopkins.

"There ensued what is known to the theater as an awkward pause. Hopkins

is notoriously one of the most careless of play-readers among the managers. His is an office where unsolicited manuscripts accumulate.

"Stallings finally broke the silence saying:

"I won't do it. You won't read it."

"Woollcott, well acquainted with the Hopkins method of reading plays, leered pleasantly. Whether it was the Woollcott leer or the Stallings bravado will never be known. At all events Hopkins made the gesture that the moment so clearly called for.

"I'll read it to-night," he said, "and you'll have your answer Monday."

"Monday, on reaching his office, Stallings was told that Arthur Hopkins had called. Somewhat of the opinion that Hopkins, at last converted to efficiency, merely wanted to know to what address to return the manuscript, Stallings decided to wait for a second call. It came within a few minutes—and it was a summons to the Hopkins office for the signing of contracts and the payment of advance royalties."

A Crisis in Alsace and Lorraine

Catholic Provinces Revolt Against "Godless" French School System

THE United States is not the only country where religion has become a bitter influence in politics. France has just passed through a crisis involving the parochial schools of Alsace and Lorraine which narrowly escaped wrecking Herriot's ministry and making the status of the Catholic Church in France a major political issue.

Most distressing were the sentimental aspects of the dispute. As we know, the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine were welcomed back into the fold of France six years ago, at the close of the war. For 48 years they had been subjected to durance vile under the Germans, but they had refused to be Germanized. They returned to their motherland with the wildest manifestations of jubilation.

But a certain disillusionment has supervened. The Alsatians and Lorrainers have discovered that the France they have rejoined is not the same France from which they were torn in 1870. These Rhenish provinces are profoundly religious. All the public schools provide religious instruction for their pupils, and different schools are furnished for Catholics, Protestants and Jews. "But what of France?"

Since 1870 the French Republic has been dominated by enemies of Rome. The Church has been disestablished, monasteries and convents have been compelled by law to dissolve, and, what is most important, the public school system has been made "Godless," as its enemies call it. Not only is no religious instruction given in them: their influence has been decidedly in the direction of free thought.

Unlike the United States, France is a highly centralized, bureaucratic Republic. The same educational laws apply everywhere. At the end of the war, in the rejoicing over the return of Alsace and Lorraine, France graciously

permitted the recovered provinces to continue in their former customs without attempting to impose upon them the laws of the Republic. In fact, in every direction there were signs of a *rapprochement* with Rome. An ambassador was accredited to the Papal curia, and congregations of monks and nuns were allowed without regard for the law to return to France.

But when Herriot became Prime Minister, the era of good feeling came to an end. He announced his determination to withdraw the French Ambassador from the Vatican, he is now expelling the nuns, and, what has been most provocative of all, he has declared in Parliament his intention of "assimilating" Alsace and Lorraine. Thus the inhabitants of these provinces have found themselves facing a kind of persecution from the French Government to which even the Germans had never subjected them. The vigor of their protests, in which Catholics and Protestants have joined, has effectively stayed the hand of Herriot, though the Alsatians fear that their triumph amounts only to a reprieve. The anomalous situation under which the provinces are now governed differently from all the rest of the country cannot continue indefinitely; but unless France is willing to abandon its "Godless" school system to approximate that of Alsace, it is difficult to see how the process of assimilation can be accomplished without arousing resistance.

The Alsatians and Lorrainers, though bitterly opposed to the irreligion of France's radical politicians, are equally hostile to Germany. Their revolt against Herriot does not mean a closer understanding with the enemy beyond the Rhine. What is more, they are supported in France by all the religious elements who abhor the freethinkers now in control of the government.

Why Not Junk the Electoral College?

Antiquated Like Much of Our National Political Machinery

THE venerated Fathers of the American Constitution may have been political geniuses of the first order, but they displayed none of their famed sagacity when it came to devising an arrangement for electing the President of the country. Their first system broke down completely in 1800, almost at the beginning of our political history, and the method that was then substituted has never ceased to baffle the voter and complicate needlessly our national elections. To-day the nation is faced with the grave possibility that the machinery of the Constitution will fail to provide for a successor to President Coolidge in 1925.

William Hard, political correspondent, writes that "the intricacy of our Presidential election machinery is such that millions of citizens, while they take part in operating it, have only the vaguest and most limited acquaintance with the strange possibilities that lie within it." They do not know, for example, that the election of the Chief Magistrate can be taken out of the hands of the voters entirely, whenever the legislatures of the States decide that they wish to choose the national electors. They do not know that each State does not necessarily have to vote for a bloc of electors, all of whom belong to one party. If a State legislature so chooses, the electors can be assigned to districts and chosen singly, so that the vote of a State can be split; and this has happened occasionally when a legislature has been controlled by a party which knew it could not carry the entire State in the national election.

The electoral college was intended to be a deliberate body. It has become a rubber stamp, but a stamp which sometimes prevents the execution of the people's will. Many Presidents have been elected by only a plurality of the voters, notably Wilson in 1912 and Lincoln in 1860. Sometimes the winner

has an actual minority; Hayes had fewer votes than Tilden in 1876, and Cleveland more than Harrison in 1888.

These anomalies are due to the fact that the electoral vote of a State is not directly proportioned to its population or voting strength. Every State has two electors for its two Senators, and as many more as it has Congressional Representatives. There are 14 small States with a combined population only two-thirds as great as that of New York, but which possess 55 electoral votes to New York's 45.

Twice the election of a President has gone to the House of Representatives because of a stalemate election, once in 1800 when the contest was between Jefferson and Burr, and once in 1824, when John Quincy Adams was chosen in spite of the fact that Andrew Jackson had a larger popular vote. This year the nation is faced with the possibility of a similar situation, if La Follette wins enough electors to prevent either Coolidge or Davis from obtaining a majority. An additional complication enters here, because the House is so nearly divided among the three candidates that it is thought the election there would result in a deadlock.

Endless ingenuity has been expended in recent weeks in trying to work out what would happen if the House failed to choose a President. Some say that this would not conceivably happen, as the Republicans would vote for Davis rather than allow the Senate to choose Bryan as Vice-President by a Democratic-Progressive coalition. Others think Bryan, chosen Vice-President in the Senate, would automatically become President in default of a choice by the House. Certain Progressives, however, deny that they would vote for any Democrat, since they would not wish to put into power the party which they aspire to supplant in 1928. They might elect Dawes, in the hope that his con-

servatism would disgust the country and throw the voters into the arms of the third party next time. Or they might distribute their votes so as to have the choice for Vice-President come out a tie. What would happen then? Would the country be without a President on March 4th? Or would Secretary Hughes hold over under the terms of the Succession Act? Hardly, since the Secretary can become President only on account of the "removal, death, resignation or inability" of the President and Vice-President. None of these terms would apply to President Coolidge when his term shall have expired. President Coolidge might, to save the situation, resign a few hours before midnight on March 3rd, thus enabling his Secretary of State to take the reins of government as acting President. Then the question would arise

whether he would serve for four years, or only until a new Congress convened and the Senate again balloted more successfully for a Vice-President.

The fact is that no one knows what would happen under the antiquated election machinery provided by the Constitution. "In the British House of Commons," writes William Hard, "there are various things like rods and maces which are carried about in processions. We Americans look at them and say, 'How out-dated!' We forget that the only out-dated things in the British House of Commons are the baubles. We discard the out-dated baubles and keep the out-dated practices." No better example of out-dated practice exists than the survival of the electoral college and the retention by the small States of a disproportionate power in choosing our President.

A Giant Air Liner From Germany

Plans, Proportions and Prospects of the ZR-3

AFTER France has been striving vainly for years to extort war reparations from an unwilling Germany, the United States is now about to receive her portion of the booty on a silver platter. Germany is ready to deliver us the new giant Zeppelin ZR-3; and this airship, the first of a commercial model to invade the western hemisphere, will constitute the only tangible spoils of the Great War falling to America.

Under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, which the United States never ratified, America was to share in the distribution of Germany's war dirigibles among the Allies. But just as the Germans sank their fleet at Scapa Flow, so they also destroyed all save four of their giant air craft; and these four were finally handed over to France, Italy and Japan. After considerable hesitation the American Government applied three years ago for a "replacement" Zeppelin to take the place

of the two to which this country was entitled under the treaty. The Germans were eager to fill the order, as it would give a new lease of life to the Zeppelin works which were almost throttled by the peace treaty restrictions on airship construction. The French finally gave their consent, after stipulating that the new dirigible should be devoted solely to peaceful pursuits; and as a result the finishing touches are to-day being put on the ZR-3 in its mammoth cradle at Friedrichshafen, Germany, preparatory to its flight of some 4,250 miles to the home prepared for it at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

The ZR-3 differs in every way from the *Shenandoah*, except for its rigid construction; both possess frameworks of duralumin, a metal which combines strength with lightness. The *Shenandoah* is strictly a warship of the sky; the ZR-3 is a passenger liner. There is as much difference between them as

between a man-o'-war and a Cunarder. The designers of the *Shenandoah* cared nothing about the creature comforts of those who were to run it: they sought solely to make it an effective fighting unit to cooperate with the fleet. The ZR-3, on the other hand, is designed to carry travelers, hand - luggage and babies, besides sacks of mail. Howard Mingos, in the *Outlook*, thus describes the luxurious accommodations:

"The car of the ZR-3 is larger than a sleeping car and its appointments rival those of a private yacht. It is built solidly against the keel of the rigid framework. . . . The passenger saloon, situated behind the control room, is flanked on both sides by large windows and subdivided into five compartments, each of which has



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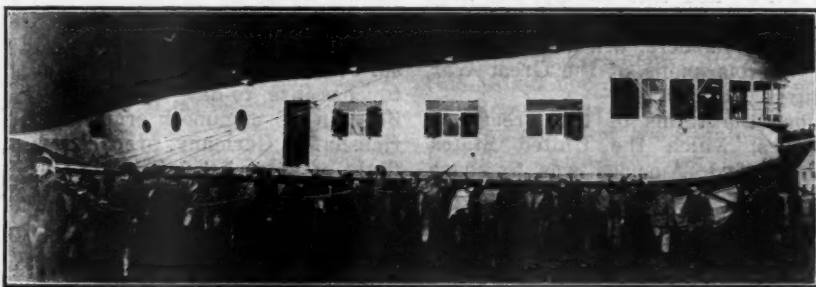
AN AIR PULLMAN

One of five passenger cabins on board the ZR-3. At night the sofa seats are made up into lower berths and the sofa backs into upper berths. Flasks of compressed oxygen are handy to relieve travelers afflicted with height sickness.

two sofas accommodating four persons. At night the backs of the sofas form the upper berths and the seats the lower. Then the passengers are isolated by means of curtains. Close at hand are small flasks of oxygen in brackets, which one may use in case of height sickness. Or he may call a steward and order hot foods from the kitchen on the other side of the gangway in the rear.

During the day hot meals are served on tables set between the sofas. The food is cooked on electric stoves and in kettles set into the white-hot exhaust pipes of the engines."

On its maiden voyage to America the ZR-3 plans to carry a German crew of 28 officers and men, three American observers, and two officials of the Zeppelin works. Its five engines, totaling 2,000 horse-power, give it a maximum cru-



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THE "BRIDGE" AND CABIN

Larger than a Pullman coach, the cabin of the ZR-3 is attached directly to the keel of the vessel, instead of being suspended beneath as in previous Zeppelin models. The navigators' compartment is on the right, the sleeping quarters, galley and lavatories adjoining it.

ing radius of 5,280 miles, or of 3,500 under a fast speed of 76 miles an hour.

In all lighter-than-air machines the size of the cabin appears microscopic compared with the gas bag; the disproportion seems smaller when the relative weights are compared. In the case of the ZR-3, the cargo load is as great as the weight of the ship itself. It can carry 88,000 pounds of passengers, crew, fuel and baggage. Though 25 feet shorter than the *Shenandoah*, it is considerably larger, as its diameter is 91 feet, instead of 79 for the navy vessel. Her bags will be inflated with hy-

drogen on the trip from Germany, but as soon as the American Government takes her over, helium will be used.

The navy will have charge of the ZR-3 for the first six months of its stay in America; then the army will take it over for the next half-year. After that its future is uncertain. Foreign powers are likely to protest if it remain a training school for either branch of America's war departments. It may be placed at the disposal of the post-office, to use either on a transcontinental mail circuit or on a New York to London postal-passenger route.

America Invites British Racial Control

Scrutiny of the New Immigration Law Reveals a "Joker"

EVERYBODY knows that the last session of Congress enacted a new immigration law which reduces sharply the proportion of immigrants admitted from Italy and southeastern Europe. The general public, however, is still largely unaware of the full reach of the drastic provisions which have now gone into effect. The Immigration Act of 1924 not only cuts down the quotas of the Mediterranean and Slavic peoples: it provides that after July 1, 1927, three out of every five quota immigrants must come from Great Britain and northern Ireland, and it thus goes a long way toward assuring the permanence of the English-Scotch racial control of the North American continent. It is not so much a "Nordic" law as a pro-British law.

The most important clause in the new act was inserted by Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, as an amendment after the bill had passed the House. At that moment the Japanese exclusion question was absorbing national attention, and the Reed alteration passed unnoticed save by the few who were taking its fate to heart.

The new law institutes a temporary quota scheme to last for three years. What little criticism there has been of the main provisions of the act has been

largely directed at this provisional régime on the false assumption that it was to be permanent. It establishes quotas on the basis of aliens resident here in 1890, admitting from each foreign country two per cent. of its nationals resident here in that year. Around this proposed clause bitter controversy had been waged, and few now realize that it was finally adopted only as a temporary stop-gap. After 1927 a total of 150,000 quota immigrants will be admitted annually, and from each European country in the proportion that that country has contributed to the racial make-up of the American people. This is known as the "national origins" system, and it effectually silences all the charges of unfair discrimination which different racial groups had leveled at the choice of the census of 1890 as a basis for quotas. If we are to limit immigration (and almost everyone is agreed on this), what could be more eminently just than that each foreign country should be allowed to send us offspring to the precise extent that that country has furnished blood to the American national strain in the past?

To determine the racial make-up of the American people is a highly difficult task that the law entrusts to a commis-

sion of three Cabinet members. They have three years to complete their task; if this be not sufficient, or if they should find it impossible, the quota basis of 1890 will remain in effect until another is substituted. This, however, is improbable, as an extraordinarily ingenious, unofficial analysis has already been completed by Captain John B. Trevor of New York, a specialist in the subject, whose carefully figured findings are confirmed by elaborate self-checking devices.

Much has been made in recent years of the "alien menace" in the United States. It has worried public leaders and fanned popular prejudice into such manifestations as the Ku Klux Klan. The Trevor analysis of the American racial strain is of interest, not only for its bearing on immigrant quotas, but because it gives the first definite information on the extent to which the original stocks who settled the New World in colonial times have been submerged. Conservative circles which have been alarmed will be gratified to learn that the "new" Americans are not yet even in numerical supremacy. The chief ingredients in America's racial make-up as determined by Captain Trevor are given elsewhere on this page. They make it abundantly clear that the English and Scot elements in the United States are still overwhelmingly dominant, and with the British elements in the Canadian admixture probably constitute a majority of the nation.

WHAT AMERICANS ARE MADE OF

In 1920 the population of the United States was 105,710,620. According to Captain John B. Trevor this composite nation was descended chiefly as follows:

From British and North	
Irish stock	51,747,680
German (includes Jewish elements).....	12,173,374
Negro and Mulatto....	11,463,131
Irish (Free State)....	5,063,966
Canadian (English and French)	3,497,053
Italian	3,472,457
Polish (includes Jewish elements)	2,759,041
Russian (includes Jewish elements)	2,434,669
Swedish	1,867,352
Dutch	1,678,463
Austrian (includes Jewish elements)	1,316,093
Norwegian	1,250,659
French	1,082,399
Mexican	799,271

The "national origins" amendment will not affect the exclusion of Asiatics, who will still find the doors barred because they are not eligible for citizenship. Nor does it allow the descendants of slaves (i.e., Negroes) to serve as the basis of any quota. Furthermore, no limit will be placed on the number of immigrants admitted from Canada, Newfoundland, or any Latin-American Republic. Of the total of 150,000 quota im-

migrants, Captain Trevor believes 83,135 will be allotted to England, Wales, Scotland and North Ireland. Immigration from countries dominantly Catholic or largely Jewish will be reduced to negligible figures. Under the law which recently was superseded, out of a total annual quota immigration of 357,803, Great Britain and Ireland were allowed 77,342. The full meaning of the new law is seen when the total quota for Great Britain alone is raised by some 12,000, at the same time that the total for the world is more than cut in half.

The situation of the Irish Free State under the new law is particularly interesting. Formerly, Irish immigrants were grouped with English. On the temporary basis of the 1890 census, the Irish Free State is allotted the surprisingly large quota of 28,567, due to the great number of South Irishmen in the United States in that year. After 1927 this quota will be reduced to some 8,000, because of the fact that only 5,000,000 Americans, by Captain Trevor's analysis, can claim South Irish ancestry.

Sex Discord Increasing?

H. G. Wells Declares That Women Want to Become Pseudo-Men

FOUR years ago, Arnold Bennett, in a book on "Our Women," was expatiating on the "fundamental and eternal" war of the sexes as "the most exasperating, the most delightful and the most interesting" thing in existence. Now it is H. G. Wells who is telling us with more acerbity than urbanity, that sex antagonism is increasing and that woman is mainly responsible for it. His reflections are embodied in a syndicated article (appearing in the *Denver News*, among other papers), and are occasioned by an anonymous book, "Ancilla's Share: an Indictment of Sex Antagonism," supposed to have been written by Elizabeth Robins.

This book, which purports to indict sex discord, is actually, Mr. Wells asserts, "an artless demonstration of it"; and it illustrates, for him, so many feminist fallacies that he makes no apology for treating it at length. He objects, he says, to its entire spirit. He objects, above all, to the fact that it encourages women to "drop their sex . . . and become a new sex of little aggressive pseudo-men."

It is part of Miss Robins' contention that women, if they had been in charge of the world during recent years, would have managed affairs much better than men have done, would have prevented the World War, and would have arrested the financial disorganization of Europe. All of which is dismissed by Mr. Wells as "sheer nonsense." So far, he thinks, "the enfranchisement of women has had a confusing and belittling influence upon politics." He cites, in this connection, what he calls "the crowning silliness of making Prohibition a part of the Constitution of the United States," and he adds: "The drive for better education is no stronger than it was before our sisters had the vote; the drive for more scientific research is perceptibly feeble."

Miss Robins thinks that she is at war with men; but, according to Wells, she is really at war with sex. He observes:

"She wants to have men restrained, reproached and incessantly scolded for things for which they are no more responsible than girls in a nunnery. Women dress extravagantly, paint their faces, brighten their eyes, wear high heels, disregard serious for trivial, ineffective interests. It is the men, she says, who make them do it. It is not.

"It is the presence of men in the world which leads to these exaggerations and intensifications of sexual attraction, but that is a different matter altogether. If all men were reduced to a helot class, there would still be magnificent dresses and extreme physical display by women."

The view of the proper relation of the sexes which Mr. Wells goes on to outline is a thoroughly masculine one. It rests on the assumption that, while sex is an enormous physiological burden for a woman, it is mentally as important, if not more important, to a normal man than it is to a normal woman. Nature's way, Mr. Wells points out, has always been a paradoxical way, and "it is a fundamental fact in this connection that as human life struggles up from the instinctive level we find no prepared adjustment of woman's mind to man's. There is no feminine mind different from and reciprocal to a man's mind. They are both, man's mind and woman's mind, alike in the form of pure egotism." The argument continues:

"As the life of man becomes more civilized and mental, his need for an adequate helpmeet increases. He can no longer get along with a woman bought or captured and set to her special business in the harem. But while his need for a free and willing helpmeet increases and his demands upon her expand, we find no corresponding disposition in able women to co-operate with men.

"They seem to want to drop their sex and set up as imitations of all the successful male types. They become a new sex of little aggressive pseudo-men. They want to wear the wig of the judge and carry the mace in just the same spirit that makes the dressmaker adapt soldiers' uniforms and turn the djibba of a dervish into a coquettish garment. They want to substitute great women for great men in our histories and turn out Buddha and

Mahomet and Christ in favor of feminine equivalents.

"They will presently want a lady God in a world in which the male will be a fading memory. . . ."

To discuss the possible treaty that may at last end this instinctive breach between the sexes would take far beyond the limitations set to newspaper articles, Mr. Wells concludes.

Can War Be "Outlawed"?

Robert Lansing and William E. Borah Debate the Question

THE recent discussions of disarmament in the League of Nations assembly in Geneva, and the unanimous adoption by that body of a resolution in favor of unreserved arbitration in the face of threatened war, lend special timeliness to a debate on the idea of the "outlawry" of war that has been running in the pages of the *Boston Independent*. This debate was started by Robert Lansing, Secretary of State in President Wilson's cabinet, who scored the idea as impracticable. He was answered by Senator Borah, of Idaho, whose resolution on the subject, presented last February, will come before the United States Senate for consideration at its next session. The entire debate is a vital one and has attracted international attention.

Mr. Lansing's attitude is one of utter skepticism. After reading his article (entitled "The Fallacy of 'Outlaw War'") it is easy to understand how temperamental antagonism between himself and his chief culminated in a violent explosion. He does not so much as even mention the League of Nations or the World Court. He writes as if they had never existed and as if further wars were as inevitable as the rising of the sun to-morrow morning.

When nations make war upon one another, he remarks, the declaration is invariably made by each side that it is justified in taking up arms because its rights were threatened. Who, he asks,

is to pass judgment on the rightfulness of that declaration? Where rests the authority to decide which belligerent is guilty of aggression and deserving of condemnation? How, then, can either party to an international conflict be denounced as employing force illegally and without justification? "Only world public opinion and history yet to be written," Mr. Lansing asserts, "can determine which party was in the wrong, and that an appeal to force was in violation of legal right and moral obligation."

War cannot be outlawed, Mr. Lansing tells us, because under certain conditions it is the only means of preserving national life. "The law which far transcends any man-made law is the supreme law of self-preservation." If all nations were moral and responsive to moral sensibilities, he says, there might be something to the cry, "Outlaw War." But "unfortunately for the peace of the world and the welfare of mankind, civilization has not attained so high a plane, nor does such a condition seem imminent. It would mean the millennium, and that is far in the future." The argument proceeds:

"The way to stop wars under present conditions is to remove as far as possible their causes. Mutual confidence and co-operation between nations should be cultivated, friendly and fair economic competition practiced, while diplomatic intercourse should be frank and unequivocal

and founded on the immutable principles of justice. These elements in international relations create an atmosphere of concord and good-will which are especially favorable to the amicable adjustment of disputes between governments through the peaceful channels of diplomacy, arbitration, and mediation. It is by such means and by the force of world public opinion that causes of war can be removed and international peace preserved.

"But, when a government is controlled by covetousness and by a determination to acquire territory or power, motives all too prevalent in this age and generation, and when its conduct conforms to these improper motives and seeks to accomplish its purposes by physical might, war is the only means by which another nation can protect its independence and sovereignty from impairment or destruction. War, in these circumstances, is not only legal, it is righteous, for force is the one way to meet force."

Senator Borah's attitude is that of the reformer. His faith that war *can* be outlawed is as strong as Mr. Lansing's that it *cannot*, and, in behalf of his argument, he recalls how the great Webster once stood upon the steps of Revere House in Boston and, in pitying tones, spoke of abolitionists as irresponsible and dangerous, and denounced the whole abolition movement as "rub-a-dub" agitation, fit only for little minds and fatuous disturbers. We do not think much of Webster's speech now, but the world will never forget how Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison appealed from contemporary opinion to "a power which rewrites constitutions and reforms continents."

Something analogous, Senator Borah maintains, may be traced in connection with present efforts to rid the world of the curse of war. He agrees with Mr. Lansing that, in the last resort, public opinion is omnipotent. Where he differs from the former Secretary of State is in his more hopeful view of the direction that public opinion is likely to take.

Mr. Lansing's statement that "the way to stop wars . . . is to remove as far as possible their causes" is met with the questions and counter-state-

ment: "Is there any law upon the statute books which awaited its enactment for the removal of all causes of crime with which the law was intended to deal? Did we remove the cause of piracy before we outlawed it? Have we removed the causes of murder or theft? Certainly not. We pass laws that men may not push causes to the point of violence."

Mr. Lansing's further intimations that only physical might can enforce decrees provokes from Senator Borah the rejoinder:

"Our fathers had to deal with this question of 'physical might,' of force behind decrees. In creating the Supreme Court, it was proposed for the first time in the history of governments to erect a judicial tribunal which would have jurisdiction over controversies between sovereign States. Immediately, of course, the question arose as to how judgments would be enforced. It was contended that unless there were force behind the judgment rendered, it would be a futility. On the other hand, it was said that no sovereign State would submit to a decree unless it were compelled to do so. . . . But Madison, after thinking over the subject, 'observed that the more he reflected on the use of force, the more he doubted the practicability, the justice and efficacy of it when it applied to people collectively and not individually.' Hamilton declared the idea of 'coercing the States is one of the maddest projects that was ever devised. The thing is a dream. It is impossible.' The result was that the court was given jurisdiction over controversies between States and power to render judgment against the delinquent State. The Supreme Court of the United States has said by unanimous opinion 'there is no power delegated to the general government, either through the judicial Department, or any other department, to use coercive means' to compel obedience to its judgment rendered against a sovereign State. Nevertheless, some eighty-odd judgments have been rendered against States by the Supreme Court of the United States, and in every single instance those judgments have been complied with in good faith upon the part of the State against which the judgment was rendered. A sense of justice and a regard for the respect of mankind may accomplish much more than force."

Our "Enthusiastic Degeneration"

Irving Babbitt Indicts American Democracy

IT would seem that Prof. Irving Babbitt, of Harvard University, has shaped his life in accord with a saying of Matthew Arnold's that "what Americans most urgently require is a steady exhibition of cool and sane criticism." His new book, "Democracy and Leadership" (Houghton Mifflin), is the culmination of a series of books in which he has tried to show that our civilization, for upward of a hundred years, has been undergoing an "enthusiastic degeneration." In "Literature and the American College," published in 1908, he discussed the educational aspects of this degeneration. In "The New Laokoon" (1910) he dealt with what he characterized as the present confusion of the arts. In "Rousseau and Romanticism" (1920) he traced the corrupting influence of the author of "Emile" and of the famous "Confessions" on literature at home and abroad. Taken collectively, these books, as Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, has lately pointed out, are interesting as showing that Americans are now willing to stand (from a fellow-countryman, of course) an amount of adverse criticism which a generation ago might have provoked indignant protest.

Professor Babbitt, whose point of view is similar to that of Paul Elmer More, of Princeton, New Jersey, and of Stuart P. Sherman, lately appointed literary critic of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, suggests, in his new book, that we are in danger of producing, in the name of democracy, one of the most trifling brands of the human species that the world has seen. We have standardized everything, he claims, and yet we have no real standards. We have no real leadership. We read the cheapest sort of literature. We are more and more careless of religious and ethical principles.

What can it profit us to gain industrial supremacy and to lose our souls?

Professor Babbitt sets against the impressive figures which mark our material preëminence the equally impressive figures which show our preëminence in crime and lawlessness. The whole of life, he observes, may be summed up in the words "diversion" and "conversion," and when the element of conversion with reference to a standard is eliminated from life, "what remains is the irresponsible quest of thrills."

Two of the thinkers named by Professor Babbitt as contributing to the modern *débâcle* are Bacon and Rousseau. He contends that the movement of rationalism and experiment which began with Bacon has been as fatal in morals and politics as it has been successful in science, and he goes on to say that Rousseau, more than anyone else, has led the world into the delusion that an "expansive emotion" can be a substitute for "the vital control which is the true voice of man's higher self." As against expansionists of every kind, he affirms that "what is specifically human in man and ultimately divine is a certain quality of will, a will that is felt in relation to his ordinary self as a will to refrain."

The essence of Puritanism, as Stuart Sherman has defined it, is just this "inner check upon the expansion of natural impulses" which we of to-day are inclined to disregard. When evil appears we cannot appeal to the principle of inner control, and so, instead, we have recourse to legislation. "The multitude of laws we are passing is one of many proofs that we are growing increasingly lawless."

To bestow the name of Puritans, however, on the humanitarian legalists who are now so much in evidence is to pay them, according to Professor Babbitt, an extravagant and undeserved compliment. When he thinks of a recent statement of Theodore Dreiser's

regarding the United States, to the effect that "no country has such a peculiar, such a seemingly fierce determination to make the Ten Commandments work," he can only say:

"We are murdering one another at the rate of about ten thousand a year (with very few capital convictions), and are in general showing ourselves more criminally inclined than any other nation that is reputed to be civilized. The explanation is that we are trying to make, not the Ten Commandments, but humanitarianism work—and it is not working. If our courts are so ineffective in punishing crime, a chief reason is that they do not have the support of public opinion, and this is because the public is so largely composed of people who have set up sympathy for the underdog as a substitute for all other virtues, or else of people who hold that the criminal is the product of his environment and so is not morally responsible. Here as elsewhere there is a coöperation between those who mechanize life and those who sentimentalize it."

Professor Babbitt wants to restore "the veto power" in the individual and the State, and he relies on education, rather than on religion, to bring about this result. He finds that, at present, our schools and our colleges, like our courts of justice, have been perverted from their original purposes by sentimentalists and utilitarians. But he looks forward to a time when our teachers will have less to say of "humanitarianism" and efficiency and more to say of culture and civilization. As he puts it:

"The older education aimed to produce leaders, and, as it perceived, the basis of leadership is not commercial or industrial efficiency, but wisdom. Those who have been substituting the cult of efficiency for the older liberal training are, of course, profuse in their profession of service either to country or to mankind at large. The question I have been raising throughout this volume, however, is whether anything so purely expansive as service, in the humanitarian sense, can supply an adequate counterpoise to the pursuit of unethical power, whether the proper counterpoise is not to be sought rather in the



THE PROPHET OF HUMANISM

As against the "natural" and romantic impulses, Professor Babbitt, of Harvard, affirms that what is specifically human in man and ultimately divine is the "inner check."

cultivation of the principle of vital control, first of all in the individual and finally in the State."

Dean Inge, in a review of this "brilliant" book in the London *Morning Post*, declares: "We have left behind the Middle Ages, but we are living in the Meddle and Muddle Ages." He goes on:

"If Professor Babbitt had been a Christian (and though he disclaims the name he seems very near the thing) he might have quoted the fine words of Ozanam, which sum up the theme of his book: 'There are two doctrines of progress: the first, nourished in the schools of sensualism, rehabilitates the passions, and promising the nations an earthy paradise at the end of a flowery path, gives them only a premature hell at the end of a way of blood; the second, born from and inspired by Christianity, points to progress in the victory of the spirit over the flesh, promises nothing but as prize of warfare, and pronounces the creed which carries war into the individual soul to be the only way of peace for the nations.'"

Joseph Conrad's Heroic Pessimism

What Life Meant to the Author of "Youth" and "Typhoon"

ONE of the fascinating problems raised by the recent death of Joseph Conrad is embodied in the question: What was his philosophy of life? This question involves an important part of the intellectual history of our time, and is of special interest to American readers in view of the facts that Conrad's genius may be said to have received its first adequate recognition on this side of the Atlantic and that upward of half a million of his books have been sold here. It has the added interest attached to a controversial theme. Book after book, article after article, have dealt with the subject; and, where experts disagree, the average thinker will want to hold his judgment in abeyance until at least he has looked into the evidence.

It is a matter of public record that Conrad lies buried in a Roman Catholic cemetery near Canterbury, England. He is usually listed as a Catholic author, and his name is found in the English Catholic Directory. Yet despite all this and despite his Polish origin, even Catholics wonder if they have any right to claim him. The editor of our leading Catholic weekly, *America*, remarks the complete absence of any trace of the Catholic spirit in the creator of Lord Jim and *Flora de Barral*, and a correspondent notes in that paper how Conrad invariably represents his Catholic characters as dull and lifeless, if not as repulsive and degraded.

Long ago, in "Some Reminiscences," Conrad expressed his conviction that an ethical view of the universe involved so many "cruel and absurd contradictions" as to seem incredible. "I would fondly believe," he declared, "that its [the universe's] object is purely spectacular: a spectacle for awe, love, adoration or hate, if you like, but in this view—and in this view alone—never for despair." In the same book he also wrote:

"The sight of human affairs deserves admiration and pity. They are worthy of respect, too. And he is not insensible who pays them the undemonstrative tribute of a sigh which is not a sob, and of a smile which is not a grin. Resignation, not mystic, not detached, but resignation open-eyed, conscious and informed by love, is the only one of our feelings for which it is impossible to become a sham.

"Not that I think resignation is the last word of wisdom. I am too much the creature of my time for that. But I think that the proper wisdom is to will what the gods will without perhaps being certain what their will is—or even if they have a will of their own. And in this matter of life and art it is not the Why that matters so much as the How. As the Frenchman says: '*Il y a toujours la manière.*' . . .

"Those who read me know my conviction that the world, the temporal world, rests on a few very simple ideas; so simple that they must be as old as the hills. It rests notably, among others, on the idea of *Fidelity*. At a time when nothing which is not revolutionary in some way or other can expect to attract much attention, I have not been revolutionary in my writings. The revolutionary spirit is mighty convenient in this, that it frees one from all scruples as regards ideas. Its hard, absolute optimism is repulsive to my mind by the menace of fanaticism and intolerance it contains. No doubt one should smile at these things; but, imperfect Esthete, I am no better Philosopher. All claim to special righteousness awakens in me that scorn and danger from which a philosophical mind should be free."

This statement should be read in connection with the actual working-out of the Conrad philosophy in the twenty-odd romances which stamp him as one of the most original writers of the age. It leads, undoubtedly, to a kind of pessimism. Henry L. Mencken, in his "Book of Prefaces" ten years ago, presented Conrad as a man "forever fascinated by the immense indifference of things, the tragic vanity of the blind

groping which we call aspiration, the profound meaninglessness of life." More recently, George Sterling, the California poet, has spoken of Conrad as "our dead King of Pessimism (not excepting Hardy)"; and E. Haldeman-Julius has written in the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly* (Girard, Kansas): "His adventure is an epitome of the adventure of life itself, grand but futile, a moment of meaning, a gesture sublime and pitiful, a figure outlined for a brief instant between the relentless waves and the inscrutable stars—then the mocking finale of defeat, the figure sinking beneath the waves with perhaps a last gesture of outreaching toward the stars."

But Conrad's philosophy also leads to what he himself describes as "the cherishing of an undying hope"; and hope, according to his definition, is "the God-sent form of trust in the magic force and inspiration belonging to the life of this earth," and implies "all the piety of effort and renunciation." Like Flaubert's work, the work of Conrad, imbued with sadness and bitterness and penetrated with the sentiment of final failure, is none the less, as G. Jean-Aubry points out in the *Fortnightly Review*, a source of comfort in that it stirs energy and the "courage born of despair." M. Jean-Aubry says:

"Even when despondency reaches its supreme limit, as in the last pages of 'The End of the Tether,' or still more so in the final part of 'Freya of the Seven Isles,' behind that frightful bitterness there pulsates a deep pity, an infinite commiseration which throws us back into life and heals our thoughts. Twenty years of struggle against the sea had taught Joseph Conrad that it can never be finally vanquished, and that in the end it always gets the best of men and their ships; but that the nobility of man consists in the struggle, however hopeless it may be. This kind of enthusiastic disillusion, of which the whole of his work is a varying illustration and which is expressed in a form most direct and most magnificent at the same time, is something the tragic beauty of which is not near being exhausted."

In similar vein, the *New Republic* observes: "It is true his heroes are not conquerors in the material sphere, but *the significant thing is that they continue to strive.*" The same paper continues:

"The theme which Conrad presents most constantly is one of affection, devotion, protection, tested by danger, by the fury of nature and by the craft of savage men, calling out courage, loyalty, endurance, sacrifice. The object of this devotion may be a child, a ship, a woman. Often his theme is the loyalty between men of different race, of white men to brown, or brown to white. It is hard to miss the meaning of Lord Jim's sacrifice, as in expiation alike of his own long ago faithlessness and the treachery of men of his own race he goes before Doramin to die by his hand—a witness to the imperial truth that the test of a man's fitness to rule his fellow men is his willingness to die, not only for them and with them, but *for them.* . . .

"It is because the sea emphasizes the dependence of man upon man and loyalty to the ship as a condition of survival against the hostility of nature that Conrad justifies it as the medium of his tales. 'The sea,' he writes, in his novel, 'The Shadow Line,' 'is the only world that counted, and ships are the test of manliness, of temperament, of courage and fidelity—and of love.' It is the fidelity to the claims of race which leads him to dedicate 'Rescue' to Hugh Clifford, 'who among the Malays whom he governs, instructs, and guides is the embodiment of the intentions, of the conscience and might of his race.' And finally his own creed embodies in words which Maeterlinck himself might have used the sense of the business of the artist to promote the union of mankind in the presence of the unknown.

"He [the artist] speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives; to our sense of pity and beauty and pain; to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts, to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other; which binds all humanity—the dead to the living, and the living to the unborn."

Photographing the Invisible

Microscope and Camera Provide New Eyes for Industry

PHILIP O. GRAVELLE, of South Orange, N. J., known officially as a photomicrographer, to whom a phonograph record looks like a succession of mountain ridges, the edge of a safety razor blade like a jagged rim of boiler plate, and microscopic organisms a few thousandths of an inch in size like fierce denizens of the jungle, has, through his skill in photographing infinitesimally small objects, brought across the Atlantic for the first time one of the most distinguished scientific awards—the Barnard Medal, presented by the London Photomicrographic Society.

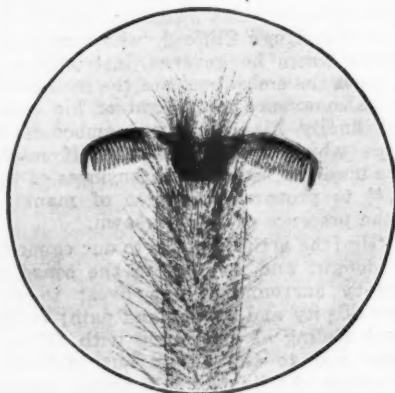
The science of photographing under the microscope has been practiced for some time in such fields as pathology, biology and botany; but now, largely through Gravelle's efforts, it has furnished an additional link between science and industry by solving mysteries and difficulties of manufacturing which could be solved in no other way.

As an instance of the exacting work

involved in the Barnard Medal competition, we read, in *Popular Science Monthly*, that Gravelle has photographed the hairs on the tip of the tongue of a fly, and enlarged 1,500 times a species of a minute aquatic plant known as a diatom, which is invisible to the naked eye.

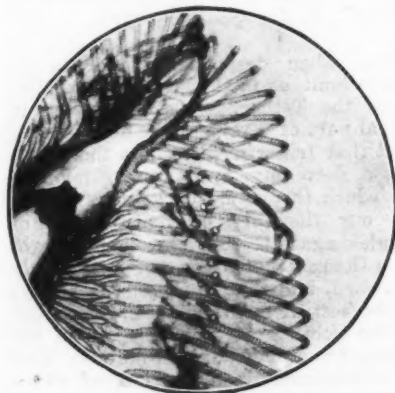
By placing the motion-picture camera behind a battery of optical instruments the life motions of minute organisms may be photographed and later shown on a screen to dramatic effect. The microscope shows, for instance, that if you are swimming in a clear pool, one that appears limpid and green in the sun, you are in a sea of animals, tiny globules gracefully revolving and giving the water its greenish cast. Their technical name is volvox and their motion is due to tiny hairs called cilia.

Pick up a submerged leaf and observe the jelly-like specks on its surface. Photomicrography reveals them to be a variety of animals known as rotifers. Motion pictures of one of the



THE FOOT OF A SPIDER

When magnified about 45 times it is seen to be equipped with sharp-toothed combs that explain its astonishing ability to climb steep surfaces.



THE TONGUE OF A FLY

The microscope reveals it to be a beautiful work of nature, with delicately curved lines extending in loops from each side, as shown above.

specks show that actually it is a whole colony connected with a common center by threads radiating like the spokes of a wheel. The colonies are continually in motion, folding and unfolding like the petals of a flower. Their cilia vibrate rapidly, agitating the water and causing food particles to stream toward the minute mouth of each rotifer and then to still smaller jaws of the tiny creature.

A fly's tongue, so small that it can hardly be seen without a lens, makes a beautiful photograph, with dainty curved lines extending in loops from each side like a fine etching. A wasp's wing is seen to be two separate wings bound together by a very fine series of hooks.

By enlarging a new and a used razor blade 600 times the photomicrographer finds that repeated shaving with an un-stropped blade nicks the edge, instead of turning it over. By magnifying



The reason your razor blade pulls when dull is explained by these photomicrographs. The upper one shows the edge of an unused blade; the lower one reveals what frequent contact with a beard will do. Both are magnified 300 times.



cross sections of faulty phonograph records 60 times the photomicrograph has discovered a thin wall about a thousandth of an inch thick at every fourth revolution. This wall crumbles and causes defects in a record.

While the application of photomicrography is still in its infancy, its scope seems limitless. For example, the photomicro-

graph will prophesy the performance of an alloy by revealing its crystal structure. Extraordinary polishing and very high magnification are necessary to reveal the closely-knit crystals. The photomicrograph also will determine the covering quality of paints by measuring the fineness of their pigments, which in turn govern the oil absorption of the paint. The polishing or cutting powers of abrasives can be measured by ascertaining the exact microscopic size of the particles and sharpness of the grains.

Hard Labor Shortens Human Life

Brain Workers After 40 Have the Best Chances

DR. RAYMOND PEARL, professor of Biometry and Vital Statistics at the School of Hygiene and Public Health of the Johns Hopkins University and statistician of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, has completed statistical researches which lead him to conclude that hard work, in its most commonly accepted meaning, positively shortens the life of a man who has passed the age of 40. In the *New York Times* he announces a "direct relation

between the magnitude of the death rates from the age of 40 to 45 on and the average expenditure of physical energy, even after the deaths resulting from special occupational and industrial hazards have been deducted."

The task of finding evidence to support this conclusion appeared hopeless until Dr. Pearl and his associate statisticians obtained certain extremely valuable statistics on the mortality of occupied males published from the of-

fice of the Registrar General of England and Wales. These data, regarded as "the most comprehensive and accurate statistics of occupational mortality now in existence," cover a three-year period and a range of 132 occupations. The death rates are grouped in five-year periods, thereby allowing the observation of mortality trends according to the age of the worker.

The record of younger men in indoor occupations does not indicate that hard work does them any harm. In fact, we read, they show that the death rate among men between 20 and 35 is from 6 to 8 per cent. lower in the class of those performing the heaviest physical labor than in the class of those whose daily tasks require little or no physical exertion. In short:

"It appears very difficult to kill a man by physical hard work before he is 40, occupational and industrial hazards being excluded. But after the age of 40 is passed our results tell an entirely different story. From 35 to 44, inclusive, the death rate in heavy occupations is 3.9 per cent. greater than that for the light occupations. In the period from 45 through 54 it rises to 12.8 per cent. greater; from 55 through 64 to 18.6 per cent. greater.

"The workers in the iron and steel industries, the blacksmiths, the engine stokers and all the others included in the heaviest class of indoor work, who year by year have been as good or better risks for the insurance companies than the clergymen, bankers, lawyers and others

represented in Class I, become progressively more and more unlikely to attain a ripe old age after passing 40.

"Although the death rate of the outdoor workers in general is lower than that of the indoor workers, the same relation between heavy and light occupations and the duration of life is evident.

"Representative among the light occupations are those of insurance agents, messengers, gamekeepers and drivers of coaches, cabs, omnibuses and automobiles; among the heavy occupations, dock and wharf laborers, coal-heavers, quarrymen and coal, tin, lead and iron miners.

From the age of 35 through 44 the death rate of the latter class is 3.2 per cent. higher; for 45 through 54, 12.6 per cent. higher; from 55 to 64, inclusive, 24.8 per cent. higher."

The same relation between physical exertion and the duration of life holds good for women as well as for men. In France, for instance, the fall in the tuberculosis death rate in recent years has been relatively greater for men than for women. Dr. Pearl shares the belief of Arnould, the French statistician, that hard work is primarily responsible for the increased liability to tuberculosis among women, rather than factory conditions. In support of this, it is pointed out that where women have taken over the cultivation of the soil, while the men have gone into industry, tuberculosis has increased among the women to a point which brings their mortality rate nearly to that of the men.

Taking the Measure of the Universe

It Is Spherical and Has a Radius of 114 Billion Light-Years

THE universe is finite and measurable. So said Einstein, and now (Ludovic) Silberstein has measured it and found its radius to be 114,000,000,000 light years. Dr. Silberstein regards the universe as spherical without boundary, and any point in it can equally well be regarded as the center. Lines starting out straight in all directions from a given point extend to the most distant plane called the

polar, and then return to the original point. The straightest line in such a spherical universe is a closed curve and of a very great but still finite total length.

Dr. Silberstein is reported by Edwin E. Slosson, director of *Science Service*, to have figured, in a paper read to the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Toronto, that the greatest possible distance between two

points by the straightest line is 180,000,000,000 light years. A light year is 63,000 times the distance of the sun from the earth, or six trillion miles. You would not run against a wall on reaching that limit, but if you continued straight ahead in the same direction you would be approaching your starting point from the other side. As Dr. Slosson says:

"These ideas seem strange as applied to the universe, yet they are familiar as applied to our earth. The earth's surface is unbounded, yet finite and measurable.

The straightest line on the earth is a great circle. Start out from any point in any direction and travel as straight as you can and you can never get more than 12,000 miles away, for if you walk farther in the same direction you get nearer home.

"The earth's surface has no end and no center, for it is curved spherically in the third dimension. Like the earth, the universe is not a perfect sphere, but is rather irregular, corrugated as it were, owing to the gravitation of the matter it contains. The length of the radius of curvature of the universe in miles, as calculated by Dr. Silberstein, is represented by the figure of sixty-seven followed by 19 zeros."

The Most Valuable Bird in the World

The Guanay, Known to Science As Phalacrocorax Bougainvillei

WHAT Robert Cushman Murphy, of the American Museum of Natural History, pronounces, in the *National Geographic Magazine*, to be the most valuable bird in the world, is the Peruvian cormorant or guanay, known to science by the ponderous name of *Phalacrocorax bougainvillei*. Existing in countless millions its habitat is restricted to coastwise waters along the arid, western shores of South America between Point Paríña, just south of the Gulf of Guayaquil, and the vicinity of Corral, Chile. This stretch of shore line, some 2,400 sea miles in length, is marked by the Humboldt Channel, the water of which is notably cooler than that of the outlying tropical Pacific. Chiefly

because of its low temperature, the Channel, thickly strewn with islands, is populated by a probably unequaled profusion of marine organisms, including anchovies and other small fishes, on which the guanays feed. From prehistoric times guano from these islands has been used agriculturally by the

Peruvians, but its importance and money value as a natural fertilizer are greater to-day than at any time in the past.

The guanay, which belongs to a well-defined antarctic branch of the cormorant family, feeds altogether upon surface-swimming fish, and when on land stands and walks erect, after the manner of the penguin. In height it averages 20 inches, and the weight of a full-



Courtesy National Geographic Magazine

AN INCUBATING GUANAY
Parasitic flies which live in the feathers of the birds can be seen on the head of this one.



Courtesy National Geographic Magazine

GUANAYES OF THE CHINCHAS DURING THE COURTSHIP SEASON, BEFORE THE BIRDS HAVE SELECTED SITES FOR THEIR NESTS

They are all panting because of the extreme heat of the sun reflected from the guano-covered surface.

grown bird is between four and five pounds. It has a glossy green and blue-black neck and back, a white throat-patch, which is a conspicuous mark in flight, a white undersurface, and pinkish feet. During the courtship season a crest of plumes develops at the back of the head. Its iris is brown, but an area of green, naked skin surrounding the orbit makes it look at close range like a personification of envy heightened extraordinarily by a second ring of turgid red skin around the staring "green eye."

The birds breed upon the plateaus and windward hillsides of the Peruvian islands in concentrated communities and, we read, no fewer than a million adult guanayes have been measured scientifically within the limits of a single homogeneous colony on South Chincha Island.

Until some fifteen years ago the guano deposits along the Peruvian coast suffered from mismanagement, but the contract system of guano extraction, with its cutthroat competition and waste, has now been abolished and control centered in a National Guano Administration, the policy of which makes immediate advantage secondary to a rigid protection of the birds upon

which future resources depend. Further:

"The creation of a technical section of the administration has resulted in important scientific work upon the islands, including meteorological and zoological investigations, and a detailed study of diseases of the birds. The same department has also conducted a progressive advertising campaign in order to make the value and availability of guano familiar to planters throughout the world. Ten years ago the annual output was less than 25,000 tons, while to-day it is about 90,000 tons, of which 70,000 tons are used in Peru and the remainder exported.

"Even to-day's figures may seem small when compared with the many million tons of guano shipped from the Peruvian islands during the latter half of the nineteenth century. But the old exploitation only drew upon the deposits of past ages, with a constantly diminishing return, while the new method builds up its future as it goes. The guanayes, as well as birds of lesser importance, are rapidly repopulating the ancestral breeding grounds. Unless quite unexpected circumstances intervene, it is probable that the impressive, streaming flocks, which alone connote a healthy and productive condition of the guano-making colonies, may always be seen along the famed seacoast of the Incas."

France Has a Rival to Burbank

Botanist Grafts Garden Vegetables With Remarkable Results

LUTHER BURBANK has a rival in Professor Lucien Daniel, of the University of Rennes, France, who has performed grafting operations on cabbages, lettuce, beans, potatoes and various flowers with such results that new species have been created, the life of plants prolonged and the perfume of flowers intensified. One of his first operations, recorded in *Science Service*, was to graft the black Belgian bean on a large white Soissons bean, obtaining seeds of an entirely new variety of bean which has remained fixed. He took a bitter variety of cabbage unfit for food, but which resists frost, and grafted on it a variety having a good flavor, but being sensitive to cold. The seeds of the hybrid yielded a new variety that is said to taste good and to resist cold. Further:

"Some of his most sensational grafts were made on the family Solanaceae to which belong such useful plants as potatoes, tomatoes, tobacco and egg plant. Sections of egg plant have been grafted on tomato vines, the first grafts producing

the regular ovoid egg plant fruit and later on the same branch yielding other fruit resembling tomatoes. Finally a true hybrid, round in shape, was obtained.

"Professor Daniel has also grafted tomato branches and belladonna on potato vines, and potato stems on egg plants and tomato vines. Potatoes, of course, are simply swollen stems or tubers which develop underground. He was curious as to what would happen when he grafted a potato stem on another plant. Would tubers continue to be produced? Yes, they were, but not underground. Large beautiful tubers hung from the branches like fruit. These aerial tubers when planted yielded a new kind of underground potatoes which were more resistant and developed more quickly than those of which they were the offspring."

A still more fantastic discovery was the finding, among these second-generation hybrids, of three plants which bore both aerial and subterranean tubers at the same time. These tubers being harvested and planted yielded a stable new variety rather late in developing, but delicious in flavor, extra large in size and very hardy.

Uncle Sam Imports 49,000 Flies

They Are to Battle With the Japanese Beetle

FORTY-NINE thousand Japanese flies have been imported by the United States Department of Agriculture to wage battle against the Japanese beetle which is playing havoc with orchards and farm products in a small section of the country along the Atlantic seaboard. The beetle got a foothold on the Eastern coast several years ago in a territory where it apparently has few natural enemies. The larvae, or pupæ, are believed to have been brought from Japan in balls of earth around the roots of imported shrubbery.

It was because the beetle was known to come from Japan that the Government dispatched specialists in the identifying of parasites to the Land of Cherry Blossoms, and it was determined that the most effective natural enemies of these pests were the Japanese, or dextiid, fly. One expert has returned with these 49,000 dextiid flies in the pupa stage, three others being still in Japan studying the beetle. Later it is proposed to have one man sent to China, one to Russia and one to northern India, to make a study of the Japanese beetle in those countries.



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

ASK ten different people to define the substance of poetry, and you will receive ten different answers, each one as near the truth as the other; but ask a poet *how* a poem is produced, the mental mechanics of his inspiration, and you will very likely be met with a frank avowal of ignorance or a circuitous explanation which brings you back to the starting point.

In these days of psychologic research and inquisitive probing of the unconscious, it seems odd that the sources of poetry have not been as successfully explored as, for example, the libido. Writers are generally so busy handling the material of their craft that they have no time for self-analysis. And yet here is a mystery which is no more difficult to solve than the utterances of the Delphic Oracle, whose prophesying arose from a super-comprehension equally well described as genius, or wisdom, or beatification. To know a thing without thinking it, instantly to survey a truth from all angles, simultaneously—these are experiences common to all, however incapable they are of relating them. Religious ecstasy, the self-withdrawal necessary to creative thought, are phases of an identical mood, and may or may not be celebrated, as the individual temperament dictates. The evidence of a poem or an act of faith is not needed to prove Reality; the idea remains, out of time and incorruptible.

Application of such theories to modern poetry has recently been undertaken by Lascelles Abercrombie, the English poet-teacher, in a work on the psychologic background of the art. In his opinion, we must assume for every poem a pre-existing wordless model which the poet's words communicate,

the substance of poetry being an imaginative experience independent of verbal expression, and the technique of it the discovery of the best verbal equivalent. Much of his argument is academic and most of it may not bear analysis.

Illustrating the so-called "divine indifference" of the poet to his audience, respective or irrespective to Abercrombie, we find W. H. Davies, in his newest collection of lyrics, "Secrets" (Harcourt, Brace), all but "divinely" indifferent. An Elizabethan born too late is how one might characterize this American-born vagabond poet of Welsh accent and heritage. Here is a specimen of his apparently simple verses:

THE RAINBOW

By W. H. DAVIES

RAINBOWS are lovely things:

The bird, that shakes a cold, wet wing,
Chatters with ecstasy,

But has no breath to sing:
No wonder, when the air
Has a double-rainbow there!

Look, there's a rainbow now!

See how that lovely rainbow throws
Her jeweled arm around

This world, when the rain goes!
And how I wish the rain
Would come again, and again!

Appearing perhaps too late for inclusion in his book, this poem we find in the London *Spectator*:

THE SWIMMER

By W. H. DAVIES.

WHEN I had crossed the hill at last,
And reached the water's brink,

"For once, in all my life," thought I—
"I'll swim in water fit to drink."

"In this calm lake, so clear and pure,
Which has no weeds or thorns,
I'll send a thousand small blue waves
To butt the rocks with milk-white horns.

"I'll laugh and splash till, out of breath,
My life is almost done;
And all that's left is one wild hand
Above me, clutching at the Sun!"

The tragedy of aspiration unattended
by the strength or vision required to
make the dream come true is effectively
told in these few lines from *Harper's*:

THE PATHETICS

BY FLORENCE KEADY

WHO are just touched with dreams
And never are forgetting;
Who are entombed through all their glam-
orous days
Amid dead things,
And seek the dusk for freedom
At the end?
These are the pathetics—
Who have no dreams worth telling
And yet would dream.

Resignation without bitterness seems
to be the dominant note of this forth-
right sonnet from *Century Magazine*:

MAN BY HIMSELF

BY ROBERT NATHAN

BECAUSE my grief is quiet and apart,
Think not for such a reason it is less.
True sorrow makes a silence in the heart;
Joy has its friends, but grief its loneliness.
The wound that tears too readily confess,
Can mended be by fortune or by art,
But there are woes no medicine can dress,
As there are wounds that from the spirit
start.

So do not wonder that I do not weep,
Or say my anguish is too little shown;
There is a quiet here, there is a sleep,
There is a peace that I have made my own.
Man by himself goes down into the deep,
Certain and unbefriended and alone.

Authentic as applied to poetry may
mean any number of things, but in the
case of this deftly turned bit from the
N. Y. Times it is by way of saying that
here is the real crackle of a blackthorn
blaze and the smell of a peat-bog, en-
tirely:

KITTLE CATTLE INDEED

By MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON.

"Far am bi bo, bi bean;
S'far am bi bean, bi mallachadh."

—Saying of St. Columba.

"WHERE there's a cow, there's a
woman;
And where there's a woman, there's mis-
chief."

So spake Saint Columba, in banring
All cattle from Holy Iona.

Well did he spy out the weakness
Inherent in celibate hermits!
Living apart their sole safety
From wiles and beguiling of women.

Doubtless the Saint had done better
If he could have planned all Creation;
He would have put in no woman,
To trouble and spoil man's high thinking.

Well, he would see she was banished
From Hy and also from Toraic—
"Where there's a cow, there's a woman;
Where there's a woman, there's mischief."

With quiet competence and due re-
gard for his self-imposed limitations,
Mark Van Doren is definitely taking
his place among such poets as Robert
Frost and E. A. Robinson. Obviously
a disciple of these men, he nonetheless
maintains a salty savor of his own, a
homely philosophy which, we predict,
will serve him in good stead when later
anthologists cast up their literary ac-
counts. The ensuing lyric appears in
Vanity Fair:

COMPANY

By MARK VAN DOREN

THERE was a man lived up this lane
Whom no one ever went to see.
He never walked but in a rain,
And then indifferently.

A dog was always chained ahead,
And trotted slow, as if to find
The road for him; and people said
Therefore he was blind.

But there were some who said he saw;
The animal was only kept
For comfort, and to lay a paw
Beside him when he slept.

Lovers of the open spaces, who are familiar with the creak of saddle leather, the acrid smoke of camp-fires and the friendly wilderness of mountain range and mesa, will draw comfort from the poem below, which we find in the *Laughing Horse*, a sprightly journal issued from Santa Fé, New Mexico:

COW-PONIES

BY MAURICE LESEMAN

AFTER we'd turned in they gathered round

Nosing our blankets and stepping about our feet

Carefully. . . . Then they nosed Their soft cool muzzles over the bags for something to eat,

And stood for a while, and dozed. . . .

They switched their tails, remembering the long day

They'd carried us. . . . and the flies. . . . They stared into the fire and rubbed their heads together—

Raised them with startled eyes At a strange nicker far off in the sage—

Nostrils wide, Bay heads, white noses tossed back from the dark.

The sound died. . . . The fire licked out and died.

They drooped their ears and pawed, and nosed

The bags again, lipped a few scattered grains,

Then wandered away and dozed. . . .

Watched each other in the moonlight, shuddered, and sighed,

And stood to sleep. . . . The wind drifted their manes.

And we too turned to sleep, and all night long

We knew that they were round us while we slept,

And they—they knew it too. . . .

Heads turned and tossed. We swore across their dreams, they nosed in ours.

Above the corral the moon crept And made a useless moon-dial of the snubbing post.

Although Archibald MacLeish's first book, "The Happy Marriage," has caused very little comment, the fault

has not, we think, been with the author. Easy reading, if that means the popular cliché and a facile emotionalism, Mr. MacLeish is not. His restraint, so deprecated by the reviewers, covers a sensibility too genuine to be bruited in platitudes. Under the classical vesture of this poem, from *The Atlantic Monthly*, there is a living beauty which has no exclusive claim on antiquity:

SELENE AFTERWARDS

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

THE moon is dead, you lovers!

She who walked Naked upon the dark Ægean, she Who under Ida in the beech groves mocked The rutting satyrs, she who secretly, Leaving below her the slow lifting sea, Climbed through the woods of Latmus to the bed

Of the eternal sleeper—she is dead,

Dead, you lovers! I have seen her face. The sun rose by St.-Étienne. She fled

Half turning back (as though the plunge of space

Over the world's rim frightened her) her head

And stared and stared at me. Her face was dead.

It was a woman's face but dead as stone And leper white and withered to the bone.

It was a woman's skull the shriveling cold Out there among the stars had withered dry

And its dry white was mottled with dry mould.

It was a long dead skull the caustic lye Of time had eaten clean, and in the sky

As under the cold water of a lake Lay crumbling year by year, white flake by flake,

Scabious, scurfy. Oh, look down, look down,

You lovers, through that water where there swing

Night shadows of the world. Look deep, deep. Drown

Your eyes in deepness. Look! There lies the thing

That made you love, that maddened you! Oh sing,

Sing in the fields, you lovers. The low moon

Moves in the elms. It will be summer soon. . . .

Adroit in its handling and sharp in its satire, this amusing sidelight on "culture in the corn-belt" may not be serious poetry, but it reveals the neo-poet in his best humorous vein. We quote from the *American Mercury*.

SONG TOURNAMENT: NEW STYLE

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

RAIN, said the first, as it falls in Venice
Is like the dropping of golden pennies
Into a sea as smooth and bright
As a bowl of curdled malachite.

Storm, sang the next, in the streets of
Peking
Is like the ghost of a yellow sea-king,
Scooping the dust to find, if he may,
Whatever the earth has hidden away.

The mist, sighed the third, that lies on
London
Is the wraith of Beauty, betrayed and un-
done
By a world of dark machines that plan
To splinter the shaken soul of man.

The rush of Spring, smiled the fourth, in
Florence
Is wave upon wave of laughing torrents,
A flood of birds, a water-voiced calling,
A green rain rising instead of falling.

The wind, crooned the fifth, in the bay
of Naples
Is a quarrel of leaves among the maples,
A war of sunbeams idly fanned,
A whisper softer than sand on sand.

Then spoke the last: God's endless tears
Too great for Heaven, anoint the spheres,
While every drop becomes a well
In the fathomless, thirsting heart of Hell.

And thus six bards, who could boast of
travel
Fifty miles from their native gravel,
Rose in the sunlight and offered their
stanzas
At the shrine of the Poetry Contest in
Kansas.

Easy to read as the flowing stanzas
of Edgar A. Guest, this lyric yet has a
beauty and freshness far above the aver-
age. It appeared in the *Nation*.

DEW AND BRONZE

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

IS it worth the dancing,
This mayfly trance of life,
Dreaming, hoeing, yearning,
Taking one a wife?
Frosts and winds, brief roses
Heaped across the world,
Then to long, long sleeping
In the gravestead curled.

Athens in white marble
Says it's worth the pains
And white daisies marching
Down the country lanes,
Candles and brief babies,
The brittle wares of home,
Greek tales of gods unaging,
And that high town called Rome.

In spite of his robustiousness of
manner, his brief, sledge-hammer lines,
Carl Sandburg occasionally manages to
create a mood of gentle reverence. As
witness this curiously tender poem from
the *New Republic*:

MOIST MOON PEOPLE

BY CARL SANDBURG

THE moon is able to command the valley
to-night.
The green mist shall go a-roaming, the
white river shall go a-roaming.
Yet the moon shall be commanding, the
moon shall take a high stand on the
sky.

When the cats crept up the gullies,
And the goats fed at the rim a-laughing,
And the spiders swept their rooms in the
burr oaks,
And the katydids first searched for this
year's accordions,
And the crickets began a-looking for last
year's concertinas,

I was there, I saw that hour, I know God
had grand intentions about it.
If not, why did the moon command the
valley, the green mist and white river
go a-roaming, and the moon by itself
take so high a stand on the sky?
If God and I alone saw it, the show was
worth putting on,
Yet I remember others were there, Amos
and Priscilla, Axel and Hulda, Hank
and Jo, Big Charley and Little Mor-
ningstar,
They were all there; the clock ticks spoke
with castanet clicks.

Romance in the Canning Industry

The First Air-Tight Can Was Inspired by Napoleon

THERE is romance in everything, even in the story of the old tin can. Napoleon Bonaparte offered a prize of 12,000 francs to anyone who would invent a way of preserving perishable vegetables for his mariners to eat on their long voyages, and in 1809 the money was handed over to Nicolas Appert, an uneducated pickler, who after years of effort discovered that cooking foods in hermetically sealed containers made it possible to keep them indefinitely. A year later an Englishman took out a patent for a "tin canister" in which to keep sealed food. Before that time there had never been a tin can on the face of the globe, and housewives had never "put up" fruit or vegetables even in glass bottles.

If France and England were the parents of the tin-can industry, America has made herself the foster parent. The Civil War was responsible for popularizing canned goods, when it was made a staple item in the diet of the Union soldier, and since that time canning has grown by leaps and bounds until now no country competes with us in our consumption of preserved foods. The canning industry turns out a billion dollars worth of comestibles annually, to which must be added an indefinite amount of home preserves. In France, only delicacies are canned, and they are considered luxuries beyond the ordinary purse.

Marvelously ingenious machinery has been developed for every line of canned goods. Take peas, for example. A machine has been invented for picking the vines and shelling the pods. This is just the start, for, as every canner knows, nothing is more false than the adage, "As alike as two peas in a pod." The peas are separated from thistles by a water bath, in which they sink but the thistles float. They are then sorted as to size, by being passed over screens with meshes varying one thirty-second

of an inch in size. Next, they have to be separated according to maturity, as different degrees of cooking are needed for the ripe and the half ripe. This is done by passing them through varying strengths of brine, in each of which the peas of a certain weight will float; sixteen grades are thus obtained. Finally, before being poured into tins, they are parboiled to remove a gummy coating on the skin.

Corn and tomatoes, peaches and pineapple, sauerkraut and salmon, milk and sardines, roast beef and soup—all these products require special mechanical processes and individual types of cans in the development of which American inventiveness has excelled.

In the romantically informative story of canned goods (Dutton), to which we are indebted for the above facts, James H. Collins goes on to say that canned asparagus is of a much higher quality than most fresh asparagus; that canned spinach is almost always cleaner than fresh; and that the popular preference for small peas is wholly irrational, as the larger sizes have both more taste and more nutritive value than the immature "petits pois." There is one soup cannery which consumes a third of all the oxtails in America! Soup, by the way, is cooked one day and canned the next. As canneries do not willingly operate on Sundays, this introduced a difficulty in the soup cannery schedule, and as a consequence beans were added to the output because they could be put to soak over Sunday. This stop-gap soon became a business in itself. That canned foods keep indefinitely is proved by the fact that certain cans abandoned in an Arctic cache in 1824 were recently opened in England and found to be in good condition.

Well-informed medical men, it seems, no longer talk of "ptomaine poisoning," and there are no diseases specially characteristic of canned goods. Certain

microbes of putrefaction cause vomiting, but are more commonly found in food exposed to the atmosphere than in preserved foods. Only one can in thousands fails to preserve its contents, and then the fact is usually self-evident. The only other disease caused sometimes by impure preserved food is

botulism, an extremely rare malady (about 25 cases annually in the United States), and it can be checked by boiling food for ten minutes. The tin can itself (which is really only tin plated) cannot produce, according to Collins, any ailment, though this belief still persists in many sections of the country.

Chain-Store and Mail-Order Rivalry

The Days of the Small Independent Retailer Are Numbered

HAS the death-knell of the small retailer sounded? For hundreds of years the grocer, the druggist and the general store-keeper have played a vital rôle in civilization; but to-day their grip on the distribution of the necessities of life is seriously threatened throughout the United States. In the thickly settled sections the department store and the chain-store are pushing them to the wall, and in the rural regions the great mail order houses are doing the same. This revolution in society's distribution methods rivals in importance and dramatic qualities the growth of the industrial corporations of the last century.

Evans Clark declares, in the *New York Times*, that the struggle is no longer between the independent retailer and the corporation retailer, but between the chain-stores and the mail-order houses. The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company is the biggest of the former. This firm operates no fewer than 10,000 retail grocery stores to-day. It employs 65,000 men and women, and its sales this year will exceed \$300,000,000. The United Drug Company conducts 300 stores in the United States and controls 700 in Great Britain. The United Cigar Stores operate 1,183 stores and control an even greater number of agencies. The Woolworth Company now has 1,260 stores and did a business of \$193,000,000 last year. In the mail order field Sears, Roebuck and Company of Chicago does

a business second only to that of the A. and P. stores, and Montgomery and Ward have 6,000,000 customers scattered all over the world.

The firms mentioned above are only a few of the bigger corporations which are rapidly driving the old-fashioned corner retailer out of business. The independent dealer is unable to compete with the highly efficient, standardized, large-scale methods of his rival. A particularly interesting development has been the recent growth of chain department-stores. One holding corporation now owns eight in as many different cities, and it is an open question whether they or the small chain-stores will prove most efficient. The rivalry between them is intense.

The chain-store is not without its disadvantages. A correspondent of the *New York Times* complains that the large dealers, wishing to turn over their stocks frequently, refuse to supply any but standardized commodities of standardized quality. The housewife no longer enjoys the choice that she once did when her town had several independent stores which she could patronize. Now she must choose from not more than three kinds of flour, coffee and tea; and she buys butter blindly, confident only that it will not be positively bad. In one big Eastern city near New York there does not exist a single grocery store where all the ingredients for a first-class fruit cake can be obtained.

Breathing Life Into Dead Money

How Uncle Sam Identifies and Redeems Mutilated Currency

IDENTIFYING and redeeming mutilated money is one of the kindest functions of Uncle Sam. A special bureau in the Treasury Department devotes itself entirely to this work, and many are the pathetic instances where the skill of its specialists is able to relieve the distress of persons whose money has been partly consumed by fire or otherwise injured.

Sometimes rats chew the life-savings of a family which have been concealed in some nook of a farmhouse. Sometimes a clump of bills is torn to shreds in machinery, or run over by a railroad train, or even damaged by an earthquake. In every instance the Government does its best to make good the loss, at the same time safeguarding itself against fraud. One of the strangest cases is related by Reuben A. Lewis, Jr., in the *American Bankers' Association Journal*.

"A Missouri farmer was leaning over a pen, feeding his swine. His purse slipped out of his pocket and fell among the pigs. Discovering his loss a few hours later, the farmer searched the pen and found his purse, but the bills had been devoured by the pigs. Inasmuch as the greenbacks, then resting somewhere in the innards of the swine, were worth more than the pigs, the farmer called in his neighbors, slaughtered the entire pen before nightfall, and recovered the partially digested remains of the notes. The Treasury later sent him \$300."

In another instance a balloon became involved with Liberty Bonds.

"A dirigible balloon running wild afforded the bond expert many hours of work. The dirigible, starting from a field in Ohio, got out of control and crashed through the roof of a Chicago bank, killing several workers and setting fire to the building. A bundle of Liberty Bonds was ignited and almost wholly destroyed. What remained of the Liberties was sent along to Washington; 58 of the 95 were

identified so positively that duplicates were issued without requiring an indemnity bond, while the bank's claim for the others was allowed in full."

Mutilated money seems to be almost invariably linked up with great tragedies, as the persons involved in them generally have money on their persons. We read:

"Shell-torn American money was found on the fallen doughboys in France; from far-off Japan scorched bills are being presented for redemption; the experts have identified currency carried by the crew of the ill-fated *Roma* when the dirigible was consumed by flames; a charred bill-fold, containing a large sum of money, found upon the burned corpse of a fire-victim, was presented recently at the Treasury and hundreds of dollars redeemed. . . .

"The method by which the experts determine just what part of the money remains is unique. A piece of isinglass, exactly the size of a bill, is divided into forty squares. This glass is placed over the remaining parts of the mutilated note, the pieces having been mounted on paper, overlaid with a thin waxed sheet. If the remnants fill twenty-four of the squares—three-fifths of the note—the Treasury redeems at face value; if more than sixteen and less than twenty-four squares are filled, half value is given. The regulations declare that any part of a bill, less than two-fifths, is not redeemable, unless proof is submitted showing that the other three-fifths were destroyed. . . .

"While the exact figures on the redemption of mutilated and damaged currency are not compiled, it is estimated that the Treasury redeems about \$300,000 annually, of which one-third represents burned money and the remainder mutilated currency. The redemption of Liberty Bonds and other interest-bearing securities runs into much higher totals, because the value of each piece generally exceeds that of a silver or gold greenback or currency certificate. The government last year replaced \$489,400 in mutilated currency and replaced \$3,546,700 in bonds, notes and Treasury and War-Savings certificates that had been lost, mutilated or destroyed."

The World's Most Insured Man

Rodman Wanamaker, Insured for Six Millions, Seeks More

RODMAN WANAMAKER, the New York merchant, is the most insured man in the world, and yet he does not think himself insured enough. He is paying premiums on policies totaling \$6,000,000, and has agents scouring the world for firms which will add to this sum. Specialists having declared that the theoretical limit of insurance on any one man is \$7,200,000, Wanamaker is out to reach this limit.

According to Herbert Adams Gibbons in the *Eastern Underwriter*, Mr. Wanamaker has been more heavily insured than anyone else in the world for twenty-five years. He was the first man ever to apply for a million dollar policy, and it is especially noteworthy that in his case he pays personally all his premiums. In many instances prominent business men are insured by their corporations for the protection of the corporations; but not in his case.

Some have seen in Mr. Wanamaker's desire to increase his policies indefinitely a kind of mania, but according to Dr. Gibbons he regards insurance as a sound and scientific investment. He holds that there is no better way of assuring to his estate liquid cash when needed, in sufficient amounts for taxes and other expenses, without the sacrifice of other invested assets. He is now sixty-one years old, but physicians find him in such excellent health as to be a good insurance risk.

Pierre S. Dupont, of the Delaware family, carries the second largest amount of insurance in the world, with policies aggregating \$4,000,000. Other American millionaires who are enormously protected are Adolph Zukor, the movie magnate, with \$3,715,000; James C. Penney and Percy A. Rockefeller with \$3,000,000 each; J. P. Morgan, with \$2,750,000; William Fox, with \$2,850,000; B. E. Bensinger, with \$2,500,000, and Will Hays, with \$2,000,000.



\$6,000,000 ON HIS HEAD

Rodman Wanamaker, who is insured for \$6,000,000 and who hopes to increase this figure to \$7,200,000. He is the most insured man in the world.

Secrets of Imitation Pearl Making

Oysters Are Not Needed in This Industry

RECENT years have seen an amazing spread in the use of imitation pearls. They have acquired a standing never enjoyed by false diamonds or any other artificial gems. Yet of all the women who possess "pearl" necklaces or "pearl"-studded brooches, whether of the tawdry wax variety or "indestructibles," how many know that the peculiar luster which makes these ornaments what they are comes from fish-scales?

The best imitation pearl is only a glass bead covered with a lacquer known as essence d'Orient, and this lacquer is only a liquid concentration of the microscopic crystals which give the silvery sheen to fish-scales. Before the War the manufacture of essence d'Orient was virtually a French monopoly, but the industrial chaos which the War brought to French industry gave American and Japanese producers an opportunity to enter the field; and the cheapness of artificial pearls to-day is due to the stiff competition among these three rivals. Only an expert can distinguish an "indestructible" from the genuine product of the Far Eastern oyster.

Various processes are employed to detach the sheen from the fish-scales and isolate it, and some of these are described by Donald K. Tressler, of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, in the *Scientific American*. In all of them the fish-scales are first rubbed under the surface of water or some other liquid, so as to remove the tiny crystals, which then remain in suspension. The liquid is then filtered and decanted several times, and chemicals are employed to remove all impurities. The result is pearl essence, which as a lacquer can be applied with a brush. Dr. Tressler continues:

"Various grades are made, distinction being made in freedom from color and in

fineness of the crystals. The best pearl essence possesses a brilliant luster, and when slightly agitated gives a unique and most beautiful 'whirly effect'. The most desirable colors are silvery white and slightly pink. Gray or brown shades of color are undesirable.

"The better qualities of pearl essence have uniformly small crystals. The crystals are roughly proportionate to the size of the fish from which they are obtained. Those from the herring and alewife are smaller and make a fine grain essence of higher quality than those obtained from the shad."

Wax-filled beads are made from little colorless glass bubbles blown, either individually or in molds, from tubing. A mixture of essence d'Orient and gelatin is then injected into each bead, along with coloring matter if a special tint is desired. After the inside surface of the bead is covered and the gelatin has set, the beads are filled with wax.

"Indestructible" pearls are made of solid glass, either opal or milk in color. Tubing with a hole just the size desired for the passage of the necklace thread is cut into suitable lengths; the holes are plugged with a heat-resisting substance; and the pieces are then heated to the softening point in a revolving drum filled with powdered talc. The beads shape themselves in the drum, which continues to revolve until they cool. The beads are then dipped in pearl essence containing some gelatin, allowed to dry, and finally coated with water-proof lacquer.

Essence d'Orient is used in the manufacture of many ornaments other than pearls:

"Buckles, hatpins, stickpins, watchfobs and many other objects are often ornamented with this, the most beautiful lacquer. It adds a novel luster to transparent celluloid and bakelite articles. If it were a little cheaper it would find many uses in household decoration."



RUMORS and rumblings of an impending earthquake in the land of the colyumists, from which we may expect a general falling of bricks, have been heard lately, the clearest warning being that of Clifford Smyth, who "views with alarm" in the *International Book Review*.

"Deterioration in the art of the colyumist was inevitable," he writes. "As Eugene Field conceived it, his daily column was a form of literary art, and that of a very high order. . . . Lacking this rare essential, the harassed colyumist of to-day, with his regular stint clamoring for fulfillment, has adopted the artificially clever expedient of always supporting 'the worse for the better reason.'" A dreary egotism and lack of sincerity have brought the newspaper humorist to the point of puerility, Mr. Smyth contends.

What might be called a humorist's Declaration of Independence has already been issued by Don Marquis, who, taking the friendly public into his confidence, paves the way for a complete change of policy. Nothing of the jester is in this paragraph from his column, "The Lantern," in the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*:

"We have grown to loathe, despise, hate and turn sick at the thought of all forms of humor . . . stories, novels, verses, jokes, paragraphs, anecdotes, whether they are really humorous or only try to be humorous, whether they are our own, or whether the author is somebody else. They nauseate us; they gag us. And we have not a friend nor an acquaintance who doesn't tell us all the funny stories he knows.

"Comedy is almost always cruel; we have felt it so when it has been directed

against us, and we have felt it so when we have directed it against other people. It deals with imperfections, faults, crudities, incongruities, shortcomings; it strips away masks and pretensions; it affects a sympathetic understanding for the sake of betraying and exposing, and then mixes itself with sentimentality in order to hide its own cruelty; its basis is an exhibition of the flawed thing in juxtaposition to the ideal, the perfect; it takes sides with the irony of the universe; its climax and triumph is a frustration of some sort. It is not that we are deserting humor so much as that humor (and there are several very witty remarks you will make about it, of course) is deserting, or has deserted, us."

Replying to Don Marquis' charge that too much is being written by colyumists about wives, friends and children, and that too little is being said about the graver problems of life, Heywood Broun, in his department in the *New York World*, courteously welcomes his confrère in his new rôle as a philosopher.

"As far as I know, there has been no readable book on theology written for the last hundred years. I would rather hear from Don Marquis about religion than listen to any of the ordained."

And so the matter rests. If we are to lose Don Marquis, in motley, we may find him no less interesting in clerical broadcloth.

In spite of these journalistic upheavals, there seems to be no despondency or foreboding on the professional countenances of such veterans as F. P. Adams or H. I. Phillips. Here is a list of Radio Maxims as compiled by the latter for his column in the *N. Y. Sun*:



THE FALL OF MAN
From "Humors of Golf," by W. Heath
Robinson (Dodd Mead)

It is better to give than to receive, but it requires more expensive apparatus.

All speeches and no jazz makes the radio set a dull toy.

Antennae wise and sound foolish.

Fools rush in where angels fear to broadcast.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man miss all the grill-room orchestras.

One good turn deserves another.

You can tell a man by the stations he keeps.

Two head sets are better than one.

Distance makes the heart grow fonder.

Puns have a way of creeping into Keith Preston's "Hit or Miss" column in the Chicago *Daily News*, and although they have been sneered at as "the lowest form of humor," it all depends on who "springs" them. In Preston's experienced hands the lowly pun is pretty generally good for a laugh, as for example:

Donald MacMillan reports having met and talked with Dr. Cook's Eskimo guide

Took-A-Suk. It would seem that Dr. Cook must have distributed lollipops as well as gumdrops.

The chief interest of all our English visitors just now appears to be in prohibition and its workings. In fact, we understand that the slogan "See America Thirst" is being used with great success by British tourist agencies.

A shipment of 8,000 umbrellas has arrived at the Chinese front. Now what about some parasols to keep off Dr. Sun?

A Russian ship called the *Red October*, carrying a company of infantry, is on its way to seize Wrangell Island for the Soviets. Here's wishing the *Red October* a white Christmas.

"New Star Bans Bobs."—Hollywood Dispatch.

But a long-haired star is only a comet.

"If Wordsworth had been a campaign orator" is the caption F. P. A. puts over this burlesque paraphrase from his "Conning Tower" column in the *New York World*:

Ladies and Gentlemen of this great party [Cheers] assembled now in this, the greatest city in the United States [Applause] and therefore the greatest city in the world. [Cheers.]

Among the untrodden ways, before the trails were blazed by Lewis and Clark [Applause], before Daniel Boone had penetrated the fastnesses of that wonderful State . . . Kentucky [Cheers] she dwelt beside the limpid, crystal clear springs of Dove, that peaceful village in the beautiful Keystone State . . . Pennsylvania. [Prolonged cheers.]

She was a maid [Applause] whom there were none to praise and very few to—using the term in its American [Cheers] sense—to love.

A violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye, fair as one of the stars that spangle that glorious banner, the American flag [Cheers], when only one is shining in that splendid firmament, that blue vault of heaven, that azure dome—I refer, I need hardly say—to the sky. [Loud cheers.]

She lived unknown and few could know when Lucy [Cheers] ceased to be. But she is in her grave and oh, ladies and gentlemen, the difference to this great nation, to this commonwealth, to each and every one of you, and to me! [Prolonged cheers and applause.]

Our Motor Trip Over the Apache Trail

By Stanley Gordon

WE were a party of four from New York who had left New Orleans by The Sunset Limited for Los Angeles with the intention of taking the Apache Trail trip en route. There was Clavering, a banker; Latimer, a lawyer; and Townsend, an architect. We four had made a trip to the Coast five years ago and this was in the nature of a re-union. So, here we were, speeding comfortably westward toward Bowie where our Pullman would be transferred to the branch line running up to Globe.

Night passed swiftly. The sky was black velvet from which low-hung stars burned with an intense white. We sought our berths early and fell asleep in the cool, dry wind that sighed against the window screens. Then, suddenly, it was day and we were walking out into the liquid light of an Arizona morning at Globe. So smoothly was our car shifted in the night at Bowie from the main line to the branch that we were never conscious of when it was done.

While we breakfasted, Latimer held forth on the history of the Apache Trail along which our day's trip lay.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you may not believe it when you see it, but this good 120-mile auto highway between Globe and Phoenix, over which we travel to-day, was once a wild and inaccessible trail which served as the war-path of the Tonto Apache Indians, the most ferocious tribe of all the western country. But, the fact is, although

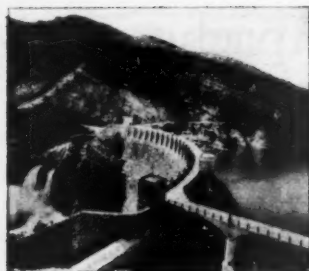
the Apache Trail gets its name from this group of Indians, the ruins of ancient cliff dwellings, nearby, give evidence that there was a pass of some sort through this region before history was written. When engineers commenced the construction of Roosevelt Dam in 1906 to impound the waters of Salt River, Tonto Creek and other mountain streams in order that the arid land of Arizona might be irrigated, they had to find a way to move the building material, machinery and supplies necessary for this construction. The result was the broadening and developing of the Apache Trail into the present comfortable highway."

Just then the 12-passenger motor car drew up and we hopped in. Resting back comfortably against the cushioned leather we rushed smoothly down the white road. Before we knew it we were over Cemetery Hill and zigzagging back into the mountains on the upper slopes of sapphire-colored rocks.

For an hour our car played hide and seek among blue hills, shot with shafts of crimson and gold. Never in all my travels have I seen such vivid coloring in nature—salmon and saffron, cobalt blue, indigo and amethyst, all quivering in the brilliant sunshine. And ever and ever, past luminous hills and valleys, our springy car purred upward like a lithe panther. Soon we reached the summit of the last rise, 4,000 feet high, and the land lay below us in a series of singular mountain spires that stretched away to the far edge of the horizon.



Mormon Flat, where the Apache Indians ambushed the early settlers. To-day a part of the peaceful, interesting Apache Trail Trip.



Stupendous Roosevelt Dam.



Ghostly "Four Peaks," sixty miles away.



Where the cliff-dwellers lived.

Then we began a rapid but comfortable descent, dropping 2,000 feet in the six miles to the Lake level through a succession of whirling rushes down the smooth road. At one point, the homes of the cliff-dwellers hung above us. Those who wish to, may make a slight detour to these interesting prehistoric ruins.

Reaching Apache Lodge at Roosevelt Dam we had a luncheon that thoroughly satisfied the keen edge which the cool, crisp air had put on our appetites. Roosevelt Dam is 280 feet high and 1,125 feet across, with graceful three-arch spillways at either end—a marvelous example of the power and beauty that can be combined in a work of engineering ingenuity.

The afternoon ride, too, was exceptional. First, we made the steep ascent of Fish Creek Canyon where the even-riding car seemed in places to cling to the very sheer of the cliff. A little later we were looking into the dizzy depths of Hell's Canyon.

Finally, we approached the last outpost of the range—Superstition Mountain. Its weird heights loomed larger each minute. So smoothly did our motor run that it was as if we stood still while this forbidding eminence glided toward us. Just when it seemed that we would be crushed beneath its weight we slipped away into a smiling land of green meadows and fertile farms, which showed the creative effect of the irrigation from Roosevelt Dam. Farmers in the little towns of Mesa and Tempe paused at their work to shout a greeting or wave a friendly hand. Our sun-browned driver knew them all and hailed them heartily.

It seemed but a moment later that we were rushing through the cool, tree-lined streets of Phoenix. Soon we would board the quiet, comfortable Pullman, which we knew would bear us swiftly westward to Los Angeles.

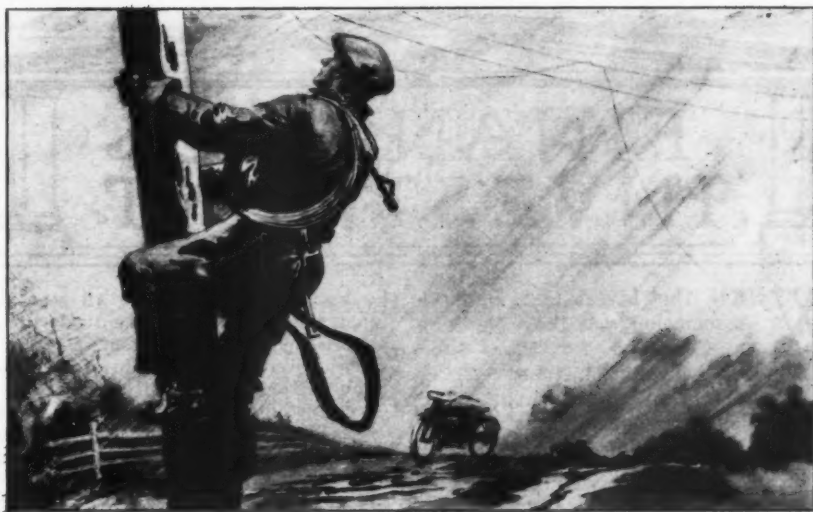
That night over the coffee and the cigars we were unanimous in our praise of the

day's trip. It was Latimer who epitomized our views.

"The Sunset Limited is certainly perfectly equipped and the Southern Pacific a wonderful route by which to travel to the Coast," he boomed, leaning back and luxuriously blowing big puffs of blue into the clear night air. "Comfort—comfort," he sighed, "solid comfort all the way. What more could a man ask for than a good observation car, excellent diners and an unusual club car with barber shop, shower bath and valet service? First there was that perfect Pullman from New Orleans to Globe via Bowie. Then we had a swift, comfortable auto ride through some of the most rugged and beautiful country it has ever been our good fortune to see. Here we are just outside of Phoenix, aboard a train that will bear us silently and easily to Los Angeles. And, this whole side trip—Bowie to Globe, Globe to Phoenix on the Apache Trail and Phoenix to Maricopa, has only cost us \$20.00 extra apiece. I don't see how they do it."

Neither did the rest of us, but we know that we mean to go again next Spring. We'd go this Fall if business didn't interfere. To me the missing of this side trip, when on our way to the Coast, would seem a calamity. And you can make it on the way from Los Angeles to the East, too, beginning the auto trip at Phoenix.

I've become so enthusiastic about this Apache Trail trip that I want to tell you where you can get full information when you contemplate making your next visit to the Coast. You can obtain a very attractive and interesting booklet on the Apache Trail and complete information regarding transportation facilities and schedules upon application to the Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, New York; Pan-American Bank Bldg., New Orleans; Southern Pacific Bldg., Houston; Score Bldg., Tucson; or Southern Pacific Bldg., San Francisco.



Keeping the Telephone Alive

Americans have learned to depend on the telephone, in fair weather or in foul, for the usual affairs of the day or for the dire emergency in the dead of night. Its continuous service is taken as a matter of course.

The marvel of it is that the millions of thread-like wires are kept alive and ready to vibrate at one's slightest breath. A few drops of water in a cable, a faulty connection in the wire maze of a switchboard, a violent sleet, rain or wind storm or the mere falling of a branch will often jeopardize the service.

Every channel for the speech currents must be kept electrically intact. The task is as endless as housekeeping. Inspection of apparatus, equipment and all parts of the plant is going on all the time. Wire chiefs at "test boards" locate trouble on the wires though miles away. Repairmen, the "trouble hunters," are at work constantly wherever they are needed in city streets, country roads or in the seldom-trodden trails of the wilderness.

Providing telephone service for this great nation is a huge undertaking. To keep this vast mechanism always electrically alive and dependable is the unending task of tens of thousands of skillful men and women in every state in the Union.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service



FINANCE & INVESTMENT

WHEN the Investment Bankers Association met the other day in Cleveland for their thirteenth annual convention, their retiring President, John W. Prentiss, gave the 1,200 delegates some figures on the securities sold to the American public by members of the association during the last three years. The total, he said, is more than 17 billion dollars. Included in these sales are more than a billion dollars worth of the bonds of foreign governments.

The marketing of securities, obviously, has become one of our great industries.

In 1921 members of the Association placed securities to the value of four billion dollars in the hands of investors. In 1922 they thus disposed of five billions, and a similar amount in 1923. The first half of 1924 saw sales of three billions, indicating a new high rate for this year of six billion dollars worth of securities.

So vast a business requires and deserves an effort to make clear its purposes, ideals, and methods to the American public. Advertising is the obvious form for this effort to take. With this in mind, Mr. Prentiss reported that the governors of the association, after several years of discussion of the question, had come to the following conclusions:

"The type of advertising which the Board of Governors has been discussing is purely educational. It would mention the name of no house; it would mention the name of no security; it would simply advertise the functions, the claims, the ethics of the Investment Bankers' Association of America. . . .

"We all know that one of the quickest ways to get the attention of the public is

by advertising. We have all seen great industries built up almost entirely through advertising. We represent a great industry. We have something to sell to the public. In order to sell successfully our goods to the public we must first sell ourselves—sell the honesty of our business—sell the economic necessity of our business, and sell the idea to the public that if they are going to buy securities the first thing that they want to do is to go to an honest dealer in securities."

The convention approved a plan to spend \$250,000 during the coming year upon informative advertising. They hope to reach 25 million families with this publicity, and there is no doubt that they can preserve thousands of investors from "wildcat" investments.

The convention authorized the creation of an information bureau, where data is to be available at all times upon foreign securities. It is very difficult for the individual banker to post himself about financial, industrial and commercial conditions in distant lands, and this central office will undertake to secure such information for any member who may apply for it.

One other result of the activities of the convention was a report favoring a uniform "blue sky" law. Many of the State laws now attempting to regulate the issuance and sale of fraudulent securities are so framed that they actually prevent some kinds of legitimate business, without entirely shutting off the illegitimate. A need has therefore been long felt for a model statute which would choke off the swindler, but leave capital free to flow into honest enterprises.

SHORTLY after the convening of the investment men in Cleveland, the fiftieth annual meeting of the American



Guaranty Service in London

THIS COMPANY established its first office in London more than a quarter of a century ago as the pioneer among American banks in England. The growth in the volume and scope of business necessitated additional facilities, and this Company now has three offices in the British Capital and one in Liverpool.

These offices are complete American banks, handling business in the American way, and giving our clients the advan-

tages resulting from intimate knowledge of both American and foreign business.

The City Office in Lombard Street, and the Kingsway Office in Bush House, W. C. 2, are especially equipped to serve American commercial houses and to protect and further their interests. Our Pall Mall Office, at No. 50 Pall Mall, in the hotel, club, and shopping section, is conveniently located and renders our customers exceptional service.

Our 100-page booklet, "Guaranty Service," describing our domestic and foreign services, will be sent to executives on request.

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Bankers Association opened in Chicago. The first thing they did was to strike a strong, clear note of optimism. Business is good and getting better.

Walter W. Head, of Omaha, President of the American Bankers Association, said that while a boom in business was not likely at this time, he expected a steady improvement in general business conditions.

"The marked advance in prices of farm products, particularly corn, wheat and hogs, gives promise of renewed agricultural prosperity—for the first time since 1920," Mr. Head said. "This will materially increase the purchasing power of those engaged in agriculture—a number greater than one-fourth of our population. This, in turn, will increase the demand for manufactured products, the natural result of which will be a quickening of trade and industry throughout the country."

There is no question that uncertainty as to the outcome of the Presidential election continues to retard the revival of business. Without naming anybody,



"FOR SAFETY and income, give me a good, sound first mortgage on real estate, everytime," he often used to say. When he died, after having been a valued client of our house for a decade, his executors found that his holdings of Miller securities totaled well over \$100,000.

This idea of safety—of a reserve investment fund wholly apart from the risks of every-day business—is getting a strong grip on

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- 4 Why do high salaried men often grow poorer the more they earn?
- 5 Why are there more widows than widowers, and what is the remedy?
- 6 Why are so many rich men poor?
- 7 What is the safest investment?
- 8 What investment has the miser missed?
- 9 What is a sure shock absorber against adversity?
- 10 What crime does the spendthrift commit?

All these and many vital moral and financial questions are answered in this book. It is not a narrow investment book dealing just with money—but a book brimming with human interest—touching life helpfully at every angle.

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American Institute of Finance
141 MILK STREET BOSTON, MASS.

but with the implications all pointing toward Senator La Follette, the assembled bankers denounced the demagoguery of political leaders.

President Head went so far as to say:

"The principal adverse element in the situation is the danger that the Presidential election may not be conclusively determined at the polls in November and that the selection of the Chief Executive may be thrown into Congress. This would cause much political uncertainty and undoubtedly would have a disturbing effect upon business in general. This can be averted only if the voters are awake to the situation and go to the polls in large numbers to register their choice."

John E. Edgerton, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, went so far as to characterize Senator La Follette as "the nation's chief liability." In the course of his denunciation of the Senator from Wisconsin, Mr. Edgerton declared:

"The elements of distrust and suspicion, prejudice and hatred, discontent and vengeance have been multiplied and are being brought together into a dangerous power



It shows you how to invest safely at 7%

NOW you can be sure that the first mortgage bonds you buy are safe—amply secured and properly protected.

There are certain tests by which you can accurately judge the merits of any real estate mortgage bond before you invest. These tests are clearly explained in "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," furnished to investors free by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House.

Written from the knowledge gained during 59 years' experience in making first mortgage investments without loss to a single investor, it gives the history of the development of the first mortgage real estate bond in the South, and tells how these bonds are issued and how they should be protected.

Don't take any more chances with your money. Mail the coupon today for this valuable booklet, together with a descriptive circular of a 7% first mortgage bond issue protected by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House.

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"Every person, of large means or small, should be shown exactly how others attain fortunes through Forman First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds," a well-known investor recently wrote. The result of this suggestion and of many other financial experts is an extremely interesting book, "All Baba's Cave Rediscovered," which tells you how men and women of moderate means are accumulating fortunes of \$25,000 and even \$50,000 without risk. Under this reliable plan, indorsed by seasoned financiers, you can easily take the first step toward building a substantial fortune by laying aside a small amount each day! There is absolutely no obligation attached to sending for this valuable book. Merely fill out and mail the request blank below.



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by an enterprising genius from Wisconsin, who is normal only when he is abnormal, and never happy except when conspicuous as either a destructionist or obstructionist.

"These menaces could not affect an enlightened country except for the fact that 70 per cent. of the qualified voters are taking no interest in their Government. This 70 per cent. includes for the most part the more responsible elements of society, manufacturers, bankers, professional and business men. The minority that does most of the voting is generally radical in its thought."

In similar vein Arthur Reynolds, President of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, pointed out that "The medicine men are abroad in the land, and just now they are making a great noise with their tom-toms and their cymbals."

He ridiculed issues and platform raised by the so-called "Progressive" candidates.

"When the savage was confronted with a plague he called in the 'medicine man,'" Mr. Reynolds said. "When business is confronted with a plague we don't call for the 'medicine men,' but somehow they appear. They appear in full regalia, bringing their pots and their herbs, their wands and their cymbals, their dried snake skins and their rabbits' feet.

"This is the twentieth century and we have new names for these cure-alls, new and changing names. Instead of rattling the cymbals to scare the monster, the shout of a 'Wall Street conspiracy' is the fear-compeller.

"We don't make a stew of dead toads and ragweed any more; we say, 'Let's limit the power of the Supreme Court.'

"We don't surrender to the power of the foot of a rabbit killed in a cemetery in the dark of the moon. We are modern; we say, 'Let's have government ownership.'

"And we don't conjure good crops from the soil by gifts to the demon of darkness. We call for McNary and Haugen."

DURING the meeting of the American Bankers Association, Secretary Mellon of the Treasury Department sent a message about the state of our coinage, which lifted the veil upon some of the fascinating and little known facts about our currency system. It appears that bankers throughout the country have been complaining of the poor quality of our paper money. They have

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interest is paid by these securities. Maturities are convenient.

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FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS

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BOOKLET C-166

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ESTABLISHED 1904

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7%**

YOUR income, say, is \$3,500 a year. Capitalize this earning power at 7% and you have a value of \$50,000. You have \$50,000 worth of energy and brains invested--working for you--to earn \$3,500.

Some other man may have the same brains and energy; but if his income is only half of yours, then he is earning only 3½% on his self-investment.

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Name

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- ☐ Safety Supreme—
Shannon & Luchs
- ☐ How to Select Safe Bonds—
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CURRENT OPINION

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difficulty in securing a sufficient supply of clean bills, especially one dollar bills, and they have been inclined to blame the Treasury for the shortness of the supply. Paper money, it seems, must be kept in stock for quite a length of time, to permit it to "season." Recently the Treasury has experienced great difficulty in building up a reserve of these bills large enough in amount so that a portion of them could be kept in process of seasoning. An additional appropriation from Congress will be necessary to build up the reserve stock which is required and, in the end, such an expenditure will result in a saving to the taxpayer. But, in the meantime, Secretary Mellon begged the cooperation of the bankers and the indulgence of the public for the present state of things.

A dollar bill costs .017 cent to manufacture and keep in circulation. Its life is now approximately eight months. With proper seasoning, its life could be extended to ten months. Such an extension would mean an actual saving

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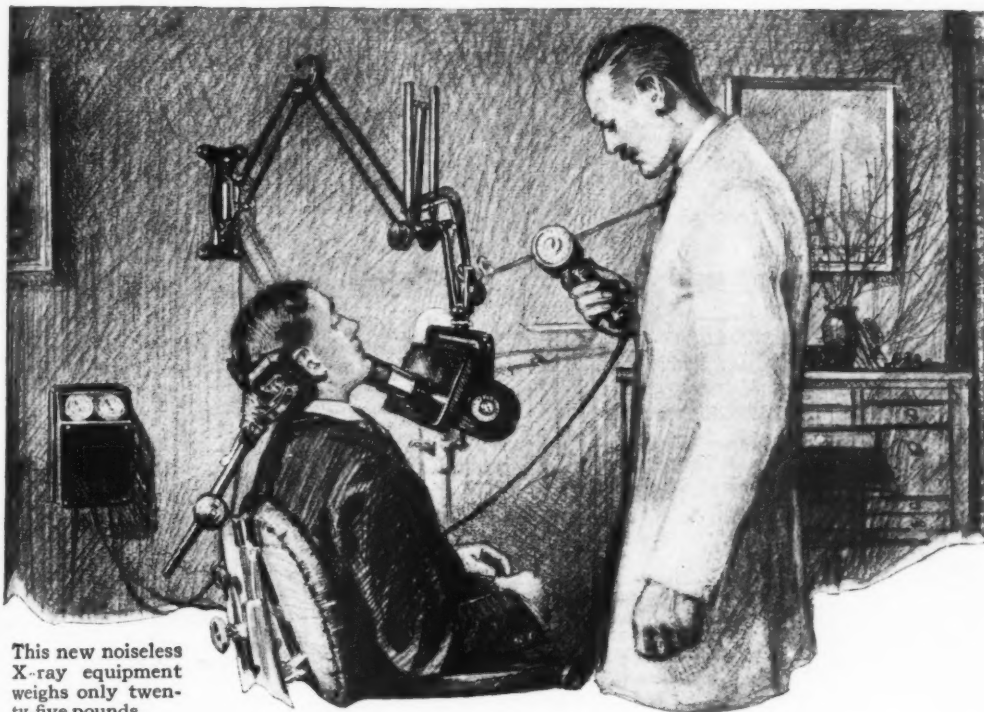
713-715 14th St., Washington, D. C.

per year in the cost of supplying our people with dollar bills of \$1,666,000.

However, it will take time to build up an adequate currency reserve, and in the meantime the operation can be facilitated by inducing the public to make use of a greater number of silver dollars. For some years silver dollars have been growing less and less popular. The number now in use is far below what the Secretary regards as "normal." It will be remembered that as a war measure the Pittman Act authorized the Treasury to melt down a large quantity of our silver dollars for sale as bullion to India. At the same time the act called for the restoration of these coins to circulation at a future date, and silver has now been purchased for these replacements. Unfortunately, many persons have gotten out of the habit of using silver "cart-wheels," and their current use has dropped from 84 millions in 1919 to 54 millions in 1924.

The life of the standard silver dollar is virtually unlimited, whereas the paper dollar seldom lives longer than ten months. The Treasury figures that if it can restore to circulation 30 million silver dollars in the continental United States and 10 millions more in our insular possessions, and with these displace equal amounts of paper currency, an actual saving of \$828,000 can be effected on this item alone; which, the Secretary points out, is equivalent to interest at 4 per cent. on 21 million dollars of the public debt.

Secretary Mellon's appeal is to our own enlightened self-interest.



This new noiseless X-ray equipment weighs only twenty-five pounds.

Now the Doctor *knows*



The same monogram which is on your doctor's and your dentist's X-ray tubes is on motors of many household devices that make life more comfortable and convenient. Look for this monogram of the General Electric Company. It is the symbol of good manufacturing and of continuous scientific research.

In the development and application of the X-ray, G-E research has contributed, among other improvements:

1. The process of making wrought tungsten, which supplies the "target" and filament now used in X-ray tubes.
2. The Langmuir Condensation Pump, for producing high vacuums.
3. The Coolidge Self-rectifying Tube, which makes possible more compact outfits for X-ray work.
4. The enclosed safety X-ray outfit for the dentist. (Shown above.)

These are great victories in the war against disease and pain. The doctor need not guess; he *knows*.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



WITH the coming of beautiful Autumn weather, and the revival of energy which always follow the end of the hot Summer months, the lure of travel is beginning to exert its overwhelming force. Time was when the touring public restricted its movements to the months of June, July and August, in many ways the least enjoyable for traveling. That is all changed now. Tourist traffic probably still reaches its loftiest peak in June, but this peak formerly rose from a flat, sea-level plain, whereas now it surmounts a high plateau sprinkled with other, if lesser, peaks.

The first great exodus, to change the figure of speech, still comes in early Spring—March and April. May and June as before see the flood tide of the outflow of those who go sightseeing abroad. And this tide ebbs as it always did in September, when there is a rush of families returning from the storied cities of Eu-

rope to place their children in schools in time for the beginning of the Fall semester. In the old days September was virtually the end of ocean passenger business for the year. Steamship companies were obliged to wait until the following Spring for full passenger lists. But this year, and for many years, October has witnessed a second-

ary exodus, comparable in volume to that of the Spring.

On October 4th fourteen ships sailed from the port of New York alone, to France, England, the Netherlands, Norway, Italy, Canal Zone, the West Indies and Bermuda with 3,000 or more passengers. Most of them are planning to spend the Winter in foreign parts. All through October shipload after shipload of happy voyagers to foreign playgrounds have been leaving American ports on every tide.

It is no longer a startling novelty to find people of quite moderate means arranging to spend six

WE have by and large evolved the best actual service to the people from utilities that there is in the world. It may not be perfect, but no one who has tried a European Government railway or telephone needs conviction of our superior service. Moreover, there is a diffusion of service and use among our people double and treble the proportions to the population of any other country.

We ship more goods per person, and our workmen have more power at their elbow than any other workmen in the world. The wages in our utilities give the highest standard of living and comfort on the earth. If our utilities were dominated by the malignity that some contend, these things would never have come about.

To whatever extent we have failed in control, whether it be through over-control or through insufficient control, it is a challenge to us to perfect our system. There have been mistakes and will be others.

But I may say at once that if the American people have not the intelligence, if they have not the character, if they have not the political mechanism by which private competition can be maintained and yet abuse can be prevented, then they do not possess the character or the political mechanism by which they can undertake the gigantic operation of these enterprises. — Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, speaking against government ownership of railroads and other public utilities.



The warmth of Spring
awaits you, out-of-doors in

California

Take the family - excellent schools for your children
On your way - Grand Canyon National
Park without change of Pullman -
— after California — Hawaii

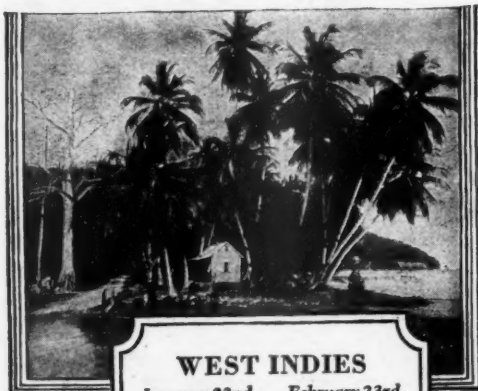


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A CORRECTION

In Volume LXVII No. 1 (July, 1924) page 46 of CURRENT OPINION the statement was made that the name of Mt. Rainier had been changed to Mt. Tacoma. We are informed by the Chamber of Commerce at Seattle and by Rand, McNally & Company of Chicago that the name of this mountain has not been changed. The error originated with the picture service company which supplied the photograph under which the misinforming caption appeared.

months, or eight months, or even a year, in travel. In the old days—twenty or thirty years ago—almost the only American who could arrange for so extended a vacation from business, was the college professor, whose university regulations allowed him a full year's holiday abroad, "for travel and study" once every seven years. However, the institution of the "Sabbatical year" was far too desirable and beneficial an institution to remain forever confined within the narrow academical circle. The first people to rearrange their lives so as to work more intensely for a portion of the year in order to play more delightfully and profitably for the remainder of the year, were the extremely well-to-do. Bit by bit, the custom has spread outward and downward through the lower brackets of the income taxpayers. Now the thought of spending three months in Florida, or five months on a Mediterranean cruise, or a Winter in Switzerland, no longer terrifies.

The American business man is conservative, but he is also teachable. After his wife has prevailed upon him to take a few short trips—for example the three weeks cruise to Bermuda or the Hawaiian trip—he begins to entertain the idea of wintering in South America. And he finds, frequently, that the very effort of preparing his organization for his absence, combined with the refreshment and mental fertilization which he gains from seeing the wonders of other countries, have their good effects on his business.

He may have liked to think of himself as indispensable to his business, an



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The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafes, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private bathtubs. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

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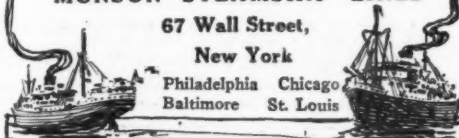
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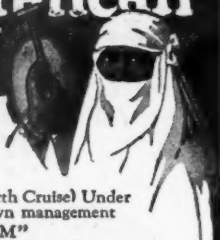
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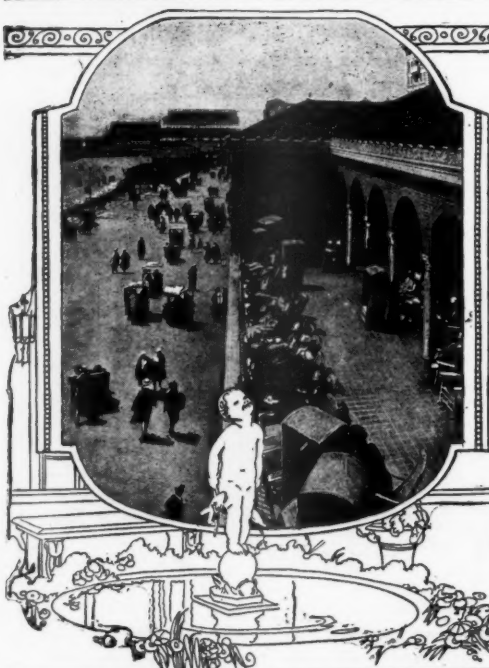
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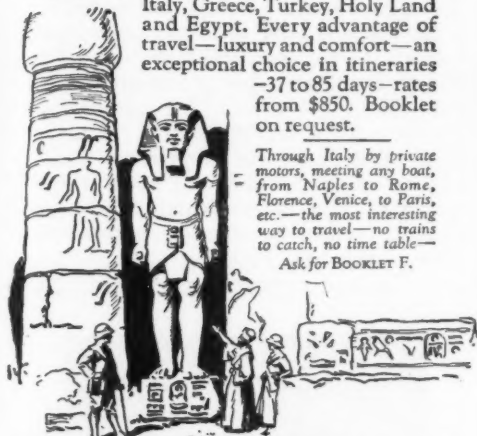
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cars had counted upon. They did a very fair business, most of them, and they will begin 1925 without deficits, but they anticipated a more spectacular year than they have had. Would their sales of cars have been appreciably increased, as some commentators seem to feel, if gasoline had been down at the present level in January, 1924? Are the purchasers of cars actually influenced to the point of deciding not to buy, by the fact that gasoline is thirty cents a gallon, as it was in many sections, January 1, 1924? We think not. When people are ready to purchase cars, they are ready to speculate on the probability that though gas is high it will soon be low. It seems much more likely that the present lowness of gasoline (the average price of which in thirty of our principal cities recently was 13.63 cents) will stimulate Fall motor buying, than that the previous prices depressed and diminished purchases of cars. When prices of gasoline are high, we hope for a speedy decline—when prices of gasoline are low, we feel sure that they will so continue.



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Incidentally the oil companies look forward to a great curtailment in gasoline consumption, due to the approaching end of the season for automobile touring. This partly explains the price cuts. With this curtailment in mind, several of the companies with large stocks of gasoline on hand have been slashing prices in order to dispose of their stocks this Fall.



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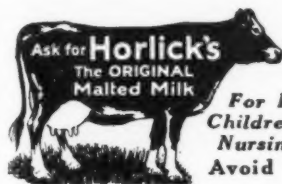
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YULETIDE REFLECTIONS

By DR. FRANK CRANE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN said that there are two sorts of people in the world who, with equal degrees of health and wealth and the other comforts of life, become, the one happy and the other miserable.

It almost all rises from the way you look at things and not from the things themselves. It is erroneous to say that prosperity and wealth and position bring happiness, for we know very well that they do not. It is also wrong to say that poverty and struggle and obstacles bring misery, for some of the happiest people we have known have had to fight against such conditions.

The fact is that there is not very much difference in the conditions of human life. We are all here but a short time, we all have things agreeable and disagreeable to meet and it all depends on the way we look at it.

Wherever we may be placed, we find things agreeable and disagreeable. In company we find people and conversation pleasing and displeasing; at table we find some meats and drinks good, and some bad; in climate we will find good and bad weather; in every government there are good and bad laws; in all poems and works of genius there are good and bad elements, and in almost every face and every person, as Franklin said, we may discover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities. Those who habitually look for the good, who dwell upon them, remember them and seek them out, are agreeable people. Those, on the contrary, who are always looking for something to criticize, who are always finding fault, and who regard it as a token of superiority that they can find defects in everyone, are disagreeable people. If we can get them to change from their bad habit, all is well, but if we cannot induce them to alter it there is nothing for us to do but to leave their society. We cannot get along with them.

They become discontented themselves and make all around them discontented.

Trouble seems to find them, that which they are always looking for becomes their bad angel and pursues them.

Optimism and pessimism in this life are not in any measure caused by the facts in the case, but by the disposition of the mind that looks at them. Both optimism and pessimism are attitudes and that is all.

What the reality is we may not know, but we can control our attitude toward it. Those who are habitually cheerful and hopeful, who habitually see good things and dwell upon them, are optimists and are the salt of the earth.